THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

A Free Press, a Free Ballot, and Free Speech, are the Birthright of Freemen.

VOL. V. CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1881. NO. 36.

Written for The Breckinridge News.

SHADOWS.

BY FANNIE BRUNER.

O'er every home some shadows fall,
Yet heaven's sunlight shines for all;
To every life comes clouds like night,
And yet beyond them beams the light.
And comes to all, sooner or late,
Experience dark of adverse fate;
Our faintest dreams are ne'er fulfilled,
Our brightest hopes rude frosts have chilled.

They seem as clouds that dim life's sky,
Yet are but shadows flitting by,
And born of sunlight's ray serene
And passing mists that intervene—
Shadows, not clouds, that light and shade
With shimmering touch each grassy blade,
That come and go, and still allure,
And chase each other o'er the moor.

Shadows that come from sunset beam
To some as darkest clouds must seem;
Look not too low, lift up thine eyes
And see above are cloudless skies;
And love and hope and faith supreme
Make heavy clouds as shadows seem,
At hide-and-seek they idly play,
And touch the heart, then flit away.

Hardinsburg, Ky., March, 1881.

ARDKILL COTTAGE
OR,
A Mother's Revenge.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON THE CLIFFS.

No attempt at escape was made. The Earl breakfasted by himself at about nine, and then lighting a cigar, roamed about for awhile around the Inn, thinking of the work that was now before him. He saw nothing of Father Marty, though he knew that the priest was still in Ennistimon. And he felt that he was watched. They might have saved themselves that trouble, for he certainly had no intention of breaking his word to them. So he told himself. And yet since he had been back in County Clare he had almost regretted that he had not broken his faith to them and remained in England. At half-past ten he started on a car, having promised to be at the cottage at noon, and he told his servant that he should certainly leave Ennistimon that day at three. The horse and gig were to be ready for him exactly at that hour.

On this occasion he did not go through Liscannor, but took the other road to the burial-ground. There he left his car and slowly walked along the cliffs till he came to the path leading down from them to the cottage. It was a hot midsummer day, and there seemed to be hardly a ripple on the waves. The tide was full in, and he sat for awhile looking down upon the blue waters.

When the time had come he rose from his seat and took the path down to the cottage. At the corner of the little patch of garden ground attached to it he met Mrs. O'Hara. Her hat was on her head, and a light shawl was on her shoulders, as though she had prepared herself for walking. He immediately asked after Kate. She told him that Kate was within and should see him presently. Would it not be better that they two should go up on the cliffs together, and there say what might be necessary for the mutual understanding of their purposes? "There should be no talking of all this before Kate," said Mrs O'Hara.

"That is true."

"You can imagine what she must feel if she is told to doubt. Lord Scroope; will you not say at once that there shall be no doubt? You must not ruin my child in return for her love!"

"If there must be ruin I would sooner bear it myself," said he. And then they walked on without further speech till they had reached a point somewhat to the right, and higher than that on which he had sat before. It was almost the summit of the cliffs. The fall from it was almost precipitous to the ocean, so that the face of the rocks immediately below was not in view; but there was a curve here in the line of the shore, and a little bay in the coast, which exposed to view the whole side of the opposite cliff, so that the varying colors of the rocks might be seen.

"There are no gulls now," she said as she seated herself, as though for a moment she had forgotten the great subject which filled her mind.

"No; they never show themselves in weather like this. They only come when the wind blows. I wonder where they go when the sun shines."

"They are just the opposite to men and women, who only come around you in fine weather. How hot it is!" and she threw her shawl back from her shoulders.

"Yes, indeed. I walked up from the burial-ground, and I found that it was very hot. Have you seen Father Marty this morning?"

"No. Have you?" she asked the question, turning upon him very shortly.

"Not to-day. He was with me till late last night."

"Well?" He did not answer her. He had nothing to say to her. In fact every thing had been said yesterday. If she had questions to ask he would answer them. "What did you settle last night? When he went from me an hour after you were gone, he said that it was impossible that you should mean to destroy her."

"God forbid that I should destroy her."

"He said that—that you were afraid of her father."

"I am."

"And of me."

"No; not of you, Mrs. O'Hara."

"Listen to me. He said that such a one as you can not endure the presence of an uneducated and ill-mannered mother-in-law. Do not interrupt me, Lord Scroope. If you will marry her, my girl shall never see my face again; and I will cling to that man and will not leave him for a moment, so that he shall never put his foot near your door. Our name shall never be spoken in your hearing. She shall never even write to me if you think it better that we shall be so separated."

"It is not that," he said.

"What is it, then?"

"Oh, Mrs. O'Hara, you do not understand. You—you I could love dearly."

"I would have you keep all your love for her."

"I do love her. She is good enough for me. So is too good; and so are you. It is for the family, and not for myself."

"How will she harm the family?"

"I swore to my uncle that I would not make her Countess of Scroope."

"And have you not sworn to her again and again that she should be your wife? Do you think that she would have done for you what she has done had you not so sworn? Lord Scroope, I can not think that you really mean it." She put both her hands softly upon his arm and looked up to him imploring his mercy.

He got up from his seat and roamed along the cliff, and she followed him, still imploring. Her tones were soft, and her words were the words of a suppliant. Would he not relent and save her child from wretchedness, from ruin, and from death? "I will keep her with me till I die," he said.

"But not as your wife?"

"She shall have all attention from me—every thing that a woman's heart can desire. You two shall be never separated."

"But not as your wife?"

"I will live where she and you may please. She shall want nothing that my wife would possess."

"But not as your wife?"

"Not as Countess of Scroope."

"You would have her as your mistress, then?" As she asked this question the tone of her voice was altogether altered, and the threatening lion-look had returned to her eyes. They were now near the seat, confronted to each other; and the fury of her bosom, which for awhile had been dominated by the tenderness of the love for her daughter, was again raging within her. "As your mistress," she repeated, "and I, her mother, am to stand by and see it, and know that my girl is dishonored! Would your mother have borne that for your sister? How would it be if your sister were as that girl is now?"

"I have no sister."

"And therefore you are thus hard-hearted. She shall never be your harlot—never. I would myself sooner take from her the life I gave her. You have destroyed her, but she shall never be a thing so low as that."

"I will marry her—in a foreign land."

"And why not here? She is as good as you. Why should she not bear the name you are so proud of dinning into our ears? Why should she not be a Countess? Has she ever disgraced herself? If she is disgraced in your eyes you must be a Devil."

"It is not that," he said hoarsely.

"What is it? What has she done that she should be thus punished? Tell me, man, that she shall be your lawful wife!" As she said this she caught him roughly by the collar of his coat and shook him with her arm.

"It can not be so," said the Earl of Scroope.

"It can not be so! But I say it shall—or—or——! What are you, that she should be in your hands like this? Say that she shall be your wife, or you shall never live to speak to another woman." The peril of his position on the top of the cliff had not occurred to him, nor did it occur to him now. He had been there so often that the place gave him no sense of danger. Nor had that peril—as it was thought afterwards by those who most closely made inquiry on the matter—ever occurred to her. She had not brought him there that she might frighten him with that danger, or that she might avenge herself by the power which it gave her. But now the idea flashed across her maddened mind. "Miscreant!" she said. And she bore him back to the very edge of the precipice.

"You'll have me over the cliff," he exclaimed, hardly even yet putting out his strength against her.

"And so I will, by the help of God! Now think of her! Now think of her!" And as she spoke she pressed him backwards towards his fall. He had power enough to bend his knee, and to crouch beneath her grasp on to the loose crumbling soil of the margin of the rocks. He still held her by her cuff, and it seemed for a moment as though she must go with him. But, on a sudden, she spurned him with her foot on the breast, the rag of cloth parted in his hand, and the poor wretch tumbled forth alone into eternity.

That was the end of Frederic Neville, Earl of Scroope, and the end, too, of all that poor girl's hopes in this world.

Her Kate was at last avenged. The woman stood there in her solitude for some minutes thinking of the thing she had done. The man had injured her—sorely—and she had punished him. He had richly deserved the death which he had received from her hands. In these minutes, as regarded him, there was no remorse. But how should she tell the news to her child? The blow which had thrust him over would, too, probably, destroy other life than his. Would it not be better that her girl should so die? What could prolonged life give her that would be worth her having? As for herself, in these first moments of her awe she took no thought of her own danger. As regarded herself, she was proud of the thing she had accomplished; but how should she tell her child that it was done?

She slowly took the path, not to the cottage, but down towards the burial-ground and Liscannor, passing the car which was waiting in vain for the young lord. On she walked with rapid step, indifferent to the heat, still proud of what she had done, raging with a maddened pride. During that walk it was that she first repeated to herself the words that were ever afterwards on her tongue—"An Eye for an Eye." Was not that justice? And, had she not taken the eye herself, would any Court in the world have given it to her? Yes—an eye for an eye! Death in return for ruin! One destruction for another! The punishment had been just. An eye for an eye! Let the Courts of the world now say what they pleased, they could not return to his earldom the man who had plundered and despoiled her child.

Rapidly she went down by the burying-ground, and into the priest's house. Father Marty was there, and she stalked at once into his presence. "Ha! Mrs. O'Hara! And where is Lord Scroope?"

"There," she said, pointing out towards the ocean. "Under the rocks!"

"He has fallen?"

"I thrust him down with my hands and with my feet." As she said this, she used her hand and her foot as though she were now using her strength to push the man over the edge. "Yes, I thrust him down, and he fell splashing into the waves. I heard it as his body struck the water. He will shout no more of the sea-gulls now."

"You do not mean that you have murdered him?"

"You may call it murder if you please, Father Marty. An eye for an eye, Father Marty! It is justice, and I have done it. An Eye for an Eye!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

The story of the poor mad woman who still proclaims in her seclusion the justice of the deed which she did has now been told. It may perhaps be well to collect the scattered ends of the threads of the tale for the benefit of readers who desire to know the whole of a history.

Mrs. O'Hara never returned to the cottage on the cliffs after the perpetration of the deed. On the unhappy priest devolved the duty of doing whatever must be done. The police at the neighboring barracks were told that the young lord had perished by a fall from the cliffs, and by them search was made for the body. No real attempt was set on foot to screen the woman who had done the deed by any concealment of the facts. She herself was not alive to the necessity of making any such attempt. "An eye for an eye!" she said to the head-constable when the man interrogated her. It soon became known to all Liscannor, to Ennistimon, to the ladies at Castle Quin, and to all the barony of Corcomroe, that Mrs. O'Hara had thrust the Earl of Scroope over the cliffs of Moher, and that she was now detained at the house of Father Marty in the custody of a policeman. Before the day was over it was declared also that she was mad, and that her daughter was dying.

The deed which the woman had done and the death of the young lord were both terrible to Father Marty; but there was a duty thrown upon him more awful to his mind even than these. Kate O'Hara, when her mother appeared at the priest's house, had been alone at the cottage. By degrees Father Marty learned from the wretched woman something of the circumstances of that morning's work. Kate had not seen her lover that day, but had been left in the cottage while her mother went out to meet the man, and if possible to persuade him to do her child justice. The priest understood that she would be waiting for them, or more probably searching for them on the cliffs. He got upon his horse and rode up the hill with a heavy heart. What should he tell her, and how should he tell it?

Before he reached the cottage she came running down the hillside to him. "Father Marty, where is mother? Where is Mr. Neville? You know. I see that you know. Where are they?" He got off his horse and put his arm around her body and seated her beside himself on the rising bank by the wayside. "Why don't you speak?" she said.

"I can not speak," he murmured. "I can not tell you."

"Is he—dead?" He only buried his face in his hands. "She has killed him! Mother! mother!" Then, with one loud, long, wailing shriek, she fell upon the ground.

Not for a month after that did she know any thing of what happened around her. But yet it seemed that during that time her mind had not been altogether vacant, for when she awoke to self-consciousness she knew at least that her lover was dead. She had been taken into Ennistimon, and there, under the priest's care, had been tended with infinite solicitude; but almost with a hope on his part that nature might give way and that she might die. Overwhelmed as she was with sorrows past and to come, would it not be better for her that she should go hence and be no more seen? But as Death can not be barred from the door when he knocks at it, so neither can he be made to come as a guest when summoned. She still lived, though life had so little to offer to her.

But Mrs. O'Hara never saw her child again. With passionate entreaties she begged of the police that her little girl might be brought to her, and that she might be allowed if it were only to see her face or to touch her hand. Her entreaties to the priest, who was constant in his attendance upon her in the prison to which she was removed from his house, were piteous, almost heart-breaking. But the poor girl, though she was meek, silent, and almost apathetic in her tranquillity, could not even bear the mention of her mother's name. Her mother had destroyed the father of the child that was to be born to her, her lover, her hero, her god; and in her remembrance of the man who had betrayed her, she learned to execrate the mother who had sacrificed every thing—her very reason—in avenging the wrongs of her child!

Mrs. O'Hara was taken away from the priest's house to the county jail, but was then in a condition of acknowledged insanity. That she had committed the murder no one who heard the story doubted; but of her guilt there was no evidence whatever beyond the random confession of a maniac. No detailed confession was ever made by her. "An eye for an eye," she would say when interrogated. "Is not that justice? A tooth for a tooth!" Though she was for awhile detained in prison, it was impossible to prosecute her, even with a view to an acquittal on the ground of insanity; and while the question was under discussion among the lawyers, provision for her care and maintenance came from another source.

As also it did for the poor girl. For awhile every thing was done for her under the care of Father Marty; but there was another Earl of Scroope in the world, and as soon as the story was known to him and the circumstances had been made clear, he came forward to offer on behalf of the family whatever assistance might now avail them any thing. As months rolled on the time of Kate O'Hara's further probation came, but Fate spared her the burden and despair of a living infant. It was at last thought better that she should go to her father and live in France with him, reprobate though the man was. The priest offered to find a home for her in his own house at Liscannor; but, as he said himself, he was an old man, and one who when he went would leave no home behind him. And then it was felt that the close vicinity of the spot on which her lover had perished would produce a continued melancholy that might crush her spirits utterly. Captain O'Hara therefore was desired to come and fetch his child, and he did so, with many protestations of virtue for the future. If actual pecuniary comfort can conduce to virtue in such a man, a chance was given him. The Earl of Scroope was only too liberal in the settlement he made. But the settlement was on the daughter and not on the father; and it is possible therefore that some gentle restraint may have served to keep him out of the deep abysses of wickedness.

The effects of the tragedy on the coast of Clare spread beyond Ireland, and drove another woman to the verge of insanity. When the Countess of Scroope heard the story, she shut herself up at Scroope and would see no one but her own servants. When the succeeding Earl came to the house which was now his own, she refused to admit him into presence, and declined even a renewed visit from Miss Mellerby, who at that time had returned to her father's roof. At last the clergyman of Scroope prevailed, and to him she unburdened her soul, acknowledging, with an energy that went perhaps beyond the truth, the sin of her own conduct in producing the catastrophe which had occurred. "I knew that he had wronged her, and yet I bade him not to make her his wife." That was the gist of her confession, and she declared that the young man's blood would be on her hands till she died. A small cottage was prepared for her on the estate, and there she lived in absolute seclusion till death relieved her from her sorrows.

And she lived not only in seclusion, but in solitude almost to her death. It was not till four years after the occurrences which have been here related that John, fourteenth Earl of Scroope, brought a bride home to Scroope Manor. The reader need hardly be told that that bride was Sophia Mellerby. When the young Countess came to live at the Manor the old Countess admitted her visits, and at last found some consolation in her friend's company. But it lasted not long, and then she was taken away and buried beside her lord in the chancel of the parish church.

When it was at last decided that the law should not interfere at all as to the personal custody of the poor maniac who had sacrificed every thing to avenge her daughter, the Earl of Scroope selected for her comfort the asylum in which she still continues to justify from morning to night, and, alas! often all the night long, the terrible deed of which she is ever thinking. "An eye for an eye," she says to the woman who watches her.

"Oh, yes, ma'am; certainly."

"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth! Is it not so? An eye for an eye!"

[THE END.]

MACKSVILLE.

The boys when they go to see their girls leave their horses at home and heal it.

The mud here sometimes gets clear up over the pavements. They are invisible now. Oh! it's awful.

Boys, go talk to your own girls. I'm racking this Jeanie now.

The measles ripped and tore around here for awhile, but soon froze out, took the croup, and died.

What is the difference, if we do have two Sunday Schools? We need half a dozen here, but then some would be dissatisfied.

"Daisy," what has become of you? What are you dodging around for?

Gee-whiz! what is that making so much fuss? Oh, it is just Bill Mc.'s dogs killing another cat, for every thing in the shape of a cat that gets on Dog street, gets torn square in two in the middle.

Every body is aiming to raise the White Burley this year. Whoopee! boys, we will have the White Burley to smoke, chew and spit next year, and don't you forget it.

Mr. Bill Glasscock's house burned down the other night. Having caught in the roof the flames were beyond reach and had attained too great headway before the family awoke. They scarcely saved any thing beyond a couple of beds and a sewing machine.

One of our good Baptist ladies refuses to attend class-meeting any more. She says she does not like the music on the harp on such an occasion. Yet she was not there at the supposed time the performance should have taken place.

DIED.—March 3rd, of consumption, Miss Mollie Gregory.

But, oh, what is life? 'Tis like a flower that
 blossoms and is gone;
It flourisheth its little hour with all its beauty
 on;
Death comes, and like a wintry day
It eats the lovely flower away.

SHANKS.

CLIFTON MILLS.

In your issue of the 16th inst., there is a piece under the *nom de plume* of "One of Two," headed Dry Valley, which is not Dry Valley news, as "One of Two" has taken Clifton Mills for the bigger part of his subject, and has tried to burlesque one of Clifton's citizens, and has taken a special interest in a roundabout way of advertising for the balance of the business men of Clifton. Now that is all right—the favored ones are democrats to a letter, and the "dejected, melancholy" man is independent in politics, takes no pride in reading political papers or other trash of that sort, but will stick to the Scientific American and all other papers of that class.

"One of Two" is correct in part about the perpetual motion. One Jas. H. Wilson did claim to have gotten up a perpetual power, and one Joe Jarred had agreed to furnish money to pay for a model and defray expenses of getting a patent, but the aforesaid Wilson was not mechanic enough to make the machine, and the aforesaid Jarred was getting tired of furnishing money with no prospect of returns. Then the aforesaid Wilson and Jarred and one J. C. Wheeler went into an agreement of this form: That as J. H. Wilson had invented a perpetual power he was to have 50 per cent, and Jarred and Wheeler were to have 25 per cent. each, Jarred to furnish the money to defray all expenses of getting a patent, and Wheeler to complete the machine, then under construction, and to make or cause to be made a model to be sent to the patent office under the following considerations: Wheeler was to look at the machine and hear Wilson express his ideas, and if he (Wheeler) thought enough of it to go ahead, then it was a contract, but if he did not like it, then it was no go. But Wilson, being a man of very suspicious mind, would not let Wheeler see the machine until he made an affidavit not to reveal any of the secrets of the machine, or take any advantage of Wilson's ideas within twelve months from date of affidavit, or the machine was patented, either of which would release him from his obligation. Now, when Wheeler looked at the machine, he saw that it was a sell, and that there was nothing in it, and that as yet perpetual motion or power was an impossibility. There have been a great many different tales afloat in this vicinity about the machine, and about Wheeler's opinion of it. I am told that there is one Minor, living above Cloverport, who has taken an interest in the machine and says there is "millions in it." Now, as some parties have taken sides with the machine and Wilson, I am authorized by Wheeler to say to those that think it will run, and want to bet on it, that he is not a monied man, but will put up all of his property, both personal and real, at a cash value, and bet that the machine will never be a success, giving twelve months' time to test it. Now, this offer is standing open at any time, so "put up or shut up."

The latest sensation at Clifton is A. M. Glassgow and his saw. It beats St. Jacob's oil.

L. R. Adkisson's school closed sometime ago, and we can heartily recommend him as one of the best teachers we have ever had at this place.

Miss Fannie Bridwell has just opened a subscription school, under favorable prospects.

The farmers of this vicinity are running wild over the White Burley.

T. G. Jourdan boasts of the fattest baby in this part of the country.

Count us one for Gen. Murray. His proceedings in the Utah Cannon case speak well for him, and such men are a credit to old Breckenridge. If the president and congress don't back him in what he has done, it is high time for the citizens to try and get men into office that have got principle and courage enough to see that the law is enforced.

Give them all to Pierce and Beard—so say the democrats of this precinct.

Mr. H. R. Parks has sold his farm at this place to Mr. Eugene Beauchampe. Mr. Parks is speculating in tobacco, and paying very liberal prices.

Adkisson & Dent have all the tobacco they can handle, and have stopped the farmers from delivering until May.

Call and see the riding saw. Wheeler does the "labor" while Glassgow does the —well, he does the "gassing."

Roads are almost impassable from this place to Stephensport. While the county court is so liberal in its bridge building, it had better donate about $300 to bridge Dry Valley. It will have to be done some time. They are a tax-paying people, and should derive some benefit from the public money.

Now, for "One of Two." ONLY ONE.

NALL'S VALLEY.

Nall's Valley is situated about twelve miles northwest of Elizabethtown, near the high elevation known as Blue Ball, and is one of the finest valleys in the county.

The prospect for oats is "slim."

Plenty of rain and mud.

There have been several cases of measles in this and the surrounding neighborhood, a few of which proved fatal.

Mr. C. D. Weller, of Warren county, is visiting at the residence of Dr. D. H. Lewis. It isn't his first trip either. Wonder what he comes for?

Joplin Bros., and Bidwell, of Elizabethtown, have shipped south several car loads of fine horses and mules during the winter, which they purchased from Hardin and the adjacent counties. On last Thursday they bought in Elizabethtown fourteen fine horses. Among the number was one fine saddle and harness horse bought of M. H. Carman, a citizen of our valley, for which they paid a good price.

As the boys are disturbing me, I guess I must stop for this time. More at another time. UNCLE CLEM.

BEWLEYVILLE.

To-day we are having winter in earnest.
First it snows, and then it blows,
And every one says, "Shut the doors!"
It makes poor cattle hump their backs,
And wish their owners had more stacks.

Mr. Hensley and Dr. Taylor, it seems, have come to an understanding about their trade, as Mr. H. is selling his stock, corn, oats, etc., and it is said he will move in a few days. The people will regret to lose him, but will give the Doctor a hearty welcome. They will perhaps have exchanged homes before these lines go to press.

Sam Leslie has at last set sail for "Bleeding Kansas," and it is the wish of all that he may never return. But should he ever be desirous of paying those little balances, his remittances will be thankfully received. Bill Claycomb says he frequently sees Sam—in his dreams—with a shotgun on his shoulder, and advising him to sell that old cooking stove and scythe blade and make his money.

William J. Stith has lately engaged in the patent fence business. He has planted his sign on the corner of Main street and Smoky Row, in Bewleyville, where he can be found, at all times, unless somewhere else, and ready to convince you that it is the fence.

When you visit Bewleyville again you will be convinced that Boon Rigsby is a live merchant. He has doubled the capacity of his storehouse, and filled it with new goods, which he is selling cheap. He has a fresh supply of *those cheese*.

My young friend, Alex Hardaway, informs me that his visit to the Virginia Springs has greatly improved his health and spirits. No doubt Uncle Ben Stith will be glad to hear it.

In and around Rosetta there are half a dozen widowers. Around Bewleyville there are as many widows. Come over, gentlemen. Don't be backward, unless you prefer young ones.

We perceive from the last number of the NEWS that your county correspondents are on the increase, and we look for a lively time this year in your columns. PETE.

BEECH FORK.

Snow and wind are in order.

Mr. Tice Jolly has been Hull-ing.

The farmers are done burning plant-beds, and are plowing for corn.

We had quite a nice time at the party at Mr. Hall's

That is Mr. H. P——'s business about taking all the girls.

Miss Ada had a compliment passed on her at the party.

Prayer meeting at Taul's schoolhouse every Sunday evening. Mr. W. A——, come up.

"Miss S——, O! will you have me? Yes, Jimmy, yes!"

Some think that when a girl tries to keep from being kissed at a play party she only wishes to be hugged. We do not think that about you, Miss T——.

Lung pads are fashionable among the young ladies. We saw one made of old rags, which we thought was an excellent remedy.

This vicinity abounds with poets. Two of them met a few days ago. He hitched his chair a little closer; she leant towards him; he said, "O, my Nolie Jane!" She said, "what, my little Tice?" He said, "You are as sweet as sugar-cane." She said, "You smell like a cage of mice!" She felt jolly. We don't know how he felt.

Usage establishes right It has been customary for those who have girls to board the boys, but Mr. D. H——, when he visited Miss L—— the other Sunday, had to have the good woman to wash his face and shave him. He arrived at 9 a. m. When she saw him, she ran with great haste to put some glycerine on her lips. By a sad mistake she got a bottle of mucilage. After using it profusely, she entered the parlor and gave him a loving greeting. To each of their surprise, it was longer than intended. The good mother came around about noon to ask them out to dinner. She looked, they twisted; she then boarded them both with a piece of board which had been used for taking up ashes. He, true to his promise, stuck to her through thick and thin. About 2 p. m., from the heat and excitement of the day, they both fainted. The good mother laid down her board and washed their faces in warm water, and shaved off his mustache. The one were made two again.

ROUGH AND READY.

OAKLAND.

O mud, nothing but mud.

The health in this community is good, and farming a slow-go this spring. But few oats sowed in this neighborhood, and it still rains, and if it does not cease soon F. D—— can not wade the swamp Sunday to see his intended, for if those No. 10 boots ever get through the sod he is "thar."

Mr. George Frank is going to locate in Hardinsburg. Go, George, although we hate to lose you from the neighborhood, we know that you love a goods-box, especially when the sun shines warm. George loves work, for I have known him to walk one mile on the Sabbath to get to ride back home.

Samuel Frank, jr., is one of the counter-jumpers of Hardinsburg.

Mr. Jeff, what are you going to do about that handkerchief?

Mr. C. D—— is still inclined to work at the saw-mill business next year, for he thinks he would make a splendid fireman.

Mr. W. Downs has concluded not to go into the livery business. He has gone to work on his field that sits on edge. He says he will cultivate both sides. TOBO.

STEPHENSPORT.

The last few days of warm weather remind us of the near approach of spring: but please excuse us from a poem on "the beautiful."

The ladies of the Baptist church at this place have succeeded in raising funds sufficient to enable them to enclose their church with a nice fence. Thanks to the ladies.

The wheat in this locality appears to be injured considerably by the severe freezes of the past winter. Farmers, while they predict a light yield, express the opinion that it will be of excellent quality.

Your Bewleyville correspondent echoes the opinion of a great many in this locality when he indorses Green W. Beard as a candidate for the popular branch of our state legislature. Mr. Beard, being a man of good business qualifications, and well acquainted with the affairs of the county and its wants, and being a perfect gentleman of the highest type, and possessing sterling qualities of head and heart, would, undoubtedly, make a good representative. At least, this is the opinion of the majority with whom your correspondent has conversed. I consider your correspondent mistaken, however, when he says that the platform which you published some weeks ago is "too broad." When we see upon every side—and we can not fail to see it—the wonderful amount of corruption everywhere visible in politics, the disgraceful and unmanly means which the successful candidate too often employs to secure his election, is it any wonder that gentlemen of high moral character frequently decline to become candidates? For, "to render his election sure," he would, probably, be forced to descend to the tricks and practices of politicians, of which he will not be guilty. By this means some demagogue, whose knowledge of state affairs is not superior to that of the average street-corner politician, is made to represent the best interests of the community, and to frame laws for the government of the intelligent portion thereof, to which his very election is an insult. Until we demand that our candidates stand upon a broad platform of sobriety, honesty, and moral courage; until all good citizens unite in one common effort to secure the election of such candidates, and for the elevation of the *morale* of our politics, we can not hope for any improvement in our laws, and the administration of our offices. Let all good democrats, all good republicans, all good greenbackers, cast a common ballot to free our politics from this terrible blight of corruption which has fallen upon it.

That the NEWS may have long life and great success, as well as its editor, is the wish of IONOTUS.

SORGHUM VALLEY.

Farming is going on rapidly.

Tobacco seed sowing is about over.

Stock hogs are in good demand.

Bro. Tharman Richeson preaches every first Sunday at New Salem.

HOW BOB WON A QUARTER OFF JIM LAST WEEK.—Rev. F. Bennett was returning home from his circuit. The weather being very cool, he stopped at one of his neighbors to take a warm and a social chat. After he was ushered into the parlor and comfortably seated, he began to talk of religious affairs. Bob called to Jim, and the latter responding, Bob said: "Jim, I will bet you a quarter that I can make Frank's mule bawl." Jim took a close observation of the mule, and seeing nothing uncommon about the animal, only that he appeared to be as old as Methuselah, accepted the wager and put up the money. Bob then took a piece of scantling three inches by six and eight feet long, and drew it across the mule's back. The latter stretched himself as far as the reins would permit. Bob made another rake with the scantling, which caused the mule to emit a sound as difficult to describe as it was disagreeable to the ear. Bob again drew his scantling, and the animal uttered a yell that fairly deafened us. Bob kept on sawing and mule kept up its yelling until Jim acknowledged that he had lost the bet and handed over the money. Jim then asked Bob how he knew the mule would bawl when he drew the scantling across his back. Bob said that he had always heard that Noah had a mule in the ark—steam whistles not being in fashion then—and when he wanted to signal that he was going to make a landing, he would take a piece of scantling and draw it across the mule's back.

There is a beautiful young lady living in Grayson county, who answers to the name of Miss Polly Allen. Miss Polly has dark, waving hair; black, piercing eyes, a handsome form; is a decided brunette, and has barely seen sixteen summers. She declares that she is a better stump speaker than either Hancock or Tilden. And I tell you, when she mounts the stump, delivers her speech, kicks off her slippers and picks up her bucket, she travels lively. Miss Polly, be patient, oh, thou restless heart, and in life's battle take thy part; be not cast down by all thy cares, remember he must win who dares. What though your days be dark and dreary? what though your heart be sad and weary? all is not gloom and sorrow here, all is not wintry woe and drear; summer must come, and joyous May, to cheer and brighten life's rough way. Be therefore strong, and of success be sure; be patient, hopeful, faithful and endure—every Saturday evening.

Tommy Truelove came to Hudsonville the other evening, riding a horse-hide stuffed with sawdust. Tommy says he travels lively, boys.

Ed has rowed his boat from Walker's Mill down to Cumagin Ford, there to remain the rest of the unexpired season, and to paddle his own canoe.

Miss Sarah Randolph began her school at New Salem last Monday. She has our best wishes for her success.

Old Bedlo Beard has had the itch for fourteen years, and has just re-enlisted for fourteen more.

The Adventists are coming to New Salem the first of May, to advocate their cause. We are anxiously awaiting their arrival.

Mr. Editor, you will never hear from me again. I died last night. Yours,

EVERGREEN.

Spring has come sure enough.

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS

J. D. BABBAGE,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR
CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY.

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1881.

WALLACE GRUELLE, Editor.

OUR NEW STORY.

It is with unfeigned pleasure that we announce the appearance next week of the opening chapters of the best sea story ever written, by the author of "The Mutiny," which was received with so much favor by our readers. To say that this story is superior to "The Mutiny," is bestowing upon it high but well-merited praise. Our new story will be entitled, "NELLIE WILLIAMS; OR, LOVE ON THE OCEAN." And we can honestly promise our readers a better story than ever appeared in any one of the alleged story papers of the eastern cities.

UNSTEADY are the imperial feet that tread on dynamite.

HAYES sneaked into the presidency, and then sneaked out of it. He's the boss sneak-thief.

THE Jim Gaff is the latest river bird gaffed by that terrible fighting cock of a Louisville canal dam.

Who said Indiana would get no office? We notice the appointment of a postmaster to one of its villages.

THE Muhlenberg Echo was mistaken. The Kentucky federal attorneyship is not meat for Hubbard's cupboard.

THE editor of the Louisville Post is another Ben Deering; a little more cultured than the original Ben, but fully as vain and silly.

IF it wasn't for its "irrepressible young man," the "leading daily paper of the south" would prove but stale, flat and unprofitable reading.

THE bucking against Underwood's grammar by that Mary's-little-lamb of a paper, the Cannelton Journal, is a piece of Damm foolishness.

THE dynamite remedy, as applied in Russia, will, if it obtains otherwheres, speedily expel the Boss worm from the bowels of government.

THE destruction by fire of a theatre at Nice, Italy, Wednesday night, with the loss of one hundred and fifty lives, was the horror of last week.

WHEN the republicans adopt Mahone they adopt his repudiation sentiments also. It is as impossible to separate the two as it is to divorce cramping from colic.

A BOSTON school teacher has been bounced for being an agnostic. That proteinaceous city is determined to countenance none other than tetramorphic educators.

THE enterprising young editor of the Hopkinsville Kentuckian offers to kiss every girl that subscribes for his paper. As he is a real "duck of a darling," his subscription list will be speedily doubled.

WE were in error in stating that the clerical editor of the Danville Tribune wants a revenue collectorship. It's the pension agency that would be to him "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

GARFIELD's cabinet may be damned with faint praise, as the Kansas City Mail remarks, but that expression would faintly describe the quality of the damning bestowed upon the Louisville canal dam by the river men just now.

JOE MULHATTAN is on the trail of the U. S. deputy marshal who originated the story of being resisted with artillery by Laurel county moonshiners. He says that no man who can tell a bigger lie than he ever thought of shall live in Kentucky.

THE Sam Gaines column, like the Californian's pumpkin vine, is growing, and growing, and growing; and we wouldn't be at all surprised if he walked into the office of clerk of the court of appeals at the head of a vote big enough to be denominated a revolution.

OUR good neighbor Hubbard
Went to Garfield's cupboard,
To get himself a bone;
But when he got there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so our good neighbor had none.

FLANNAGAN, Cloverport's contribution to Texas, and the contribution of Texas to the Chicago convention, is in Washington hunting a position. He is freezing for a substantial answer to his famous Chicago conundrum, "What are we here for except the offices?"

THE Charleston (Ill.) Courier more than intimates that a candidate on George Dittoe's platform would stand no show in its benighted state. We could not imagine otherwise. There are only two countries where that platform would be indorsed—Heaven and Kentucky.

MUCH ado about nothing has been kicked up in the Louisville High School, because one of the "sweet girls" offered a "nice young man" (name not given, but supposed to be Emmet Logan or Polk Johnson, from the description,) a kiss as an inducement to to get him to subscribe for a paper published by the school. Her lips and her kisses are her own, and if she chooses to offer them instead of chromos to subscribers, it is nobody's business but her own. Come down here, you sweet thing, and we'll subscribe for two copies.

MR. BECK'S RECENT VOTE.

When the Louisville Post, in its hatred for Senator Beck, asserts that the committee that visited New Orleans at the request of President Hayes to ascertain the true inwardness of the then threatening condition of affairs in Louisiana, and for the expenses of which Mr. Beck recently voted, went to confirm the theft of Hayes' rotten title to the presidency, it states that which every reading man knows to be untrue. Hayes had already secured his position and was firmly in possession of the presidential office. The stolen title had been confirmed by a tribunal selected by both parties in congress, and he had been inducted into office. There was no need for further confirmation in that direction. The situation in Louisiana was peculiarly threatening. Two legislatures were in session, both claiming to be the legal congress of the state. The adherents of each were armed and arrayed face to face. A spark was all that was needed to start the blaze of another civil war. The representations sent to Washington by both the Packard and the Nichols state governments were of such contradictory nature, and yet each bore upon the face such apparent proof of legitimacy, that the administration found it impossible to decide which was the legally elected state government.

In this quandary the special commission headed by Judge Harlan was appointed by Mr. Hayes to go down there and ascertain the exact truth. Those gentlemen did as requested, ascertained the Packard government was an out and out usurpation, and returned and so reported to the president. Mr. Hayes instantly telegraphed the U. S. officials at New Orleans that the Nichols government was the lawful one, and must be so recognized by them. The Packard government, on this action, melted into thin air, and the control of affairs in Louisiana was remanded to the democracy and the people of the state. That is all there was of it, and any statement connecting this commission with the theft of the electoral vote of that state is void of truth. Mr. Hayes paid the expenses of those gentlemen out of his own pocket, and the bill for which Mr. Beck voted is to reimburse him for the outlay. It is a just and honest measure, and Mr. Beck supported it because he is a just and honest man. It is true enough that Mr. Hayes had no warrant in law for employing the services of these gentlemen, but the motive that actuated him, and the invaluable service performed by them in averting an armed conflict in that state, fully compensates the country for the absence of any legality in the proceeding. Mr. Beck did right in the course he pursued, and it is only narrow, hide-bound partisan maliguity that will pursue him for it.

WE have long known that democracy and decency are synonomous terms, but it was left for the Cinnnatti Gazette, a leading republican organ, to inform us that republicanism and vice are one and the same—a declaration it makes in these words last Thursday morning in announcing its determination to support the democratic nominee for mayor of its city: "There are victories far more disastrous than defeats. The election of Mayor Jacob (republican nominee) would be a victory of that kind, and, as a republican paper that keeps to the front, the Gazette can not aid in a contest that, if successful, would be disastrous not only to the party in the city, but in the state also. The time to call a halt has fully come, and since the nominating convention did not heed the warning it now remains for the people to sound it through the ballot-box. The way to the desired reform is not of our choosing. It is not the way we should have chosen, but the issue between order and disorder, between morality and immorality, between decency and indecency, between respect for law and contempt for law having been joined, the Gazette takes what it believes to be the right side, and advises the election of Mr. Means (the democratic nominee)."

HAD this frolicsome bit of pleasantry been enacted in "rebel" Kentucky we would never have heard the last of it, but as it transpired in "loyal" Pennsylvania this paragraph will probably be the last our readers will ever hear of it: Last Wednesday night, near Queenstown, Clarion county, Pa., seven masked men entered the house of an aged and wealthy couple named Conners. The old man refusing to open his safe at their bidding, they pounced upon and beat him fearfully, after which they shot him in the head. They then turned their playful attentions to the old lady, whose feet they humorously roasted on the coals in the grate, and wittily threatened to burn her alive unless the half-murdered old man surrendered his treasure. This threat, coupled with the torture of his aged companion, produced the desired effect, and the merry maskers secured booty to the amount of $30,000.

P. S.—Had the above practical joke been perpetrated anywhere in the south, "loyalty to the old flag" and admiration for "the superior civilization of the north," would have prompted us to the employment of more vigorous adjectives in describing it.

THE republican senators will now have a chance to show the real value of their professions of love for "the gallant soldiers who saved the life of the nation." Mahone, the Virginia Iscariot, has nominated Col. Riddleberger—who was not only a very efficient confederate soldier, but is an outspoken repudiator of the Virginia state debt—for the office of sergeant-at-arms, and the republican caucus has endorsed the nomination. The democrats, on the other hand, have placed in nomination for the same position Gen. Averill, the gallant cavalry commander of the army of the Potomac during the war. Ten to one the republican senate repudiates the Union soldier for the rebel repudiator.

THE Caseyville Courier will not, under any circumstances, support an "independent" democrat against the party nominee. That's the right talk. A democrat who contests the will of the party, as expressed through its chosen agents in convention or otherwise, is a democrat only in name. In action he is no better than the most uncompromising republican: not so good, in fact, for he seeks to betray and use the party for his own selfish ends, while the republican endeavors to whip it in a fair fight. The latter is infinitely the most reputable enemy of the two.

A WASHINGTON correspondent says that John Logan stated Thursday that the president, in nominating Judge Robertson to the collectorship of the port of New York, had acted in bad faith. Viewing the matter in the light of republican precedent, we are inclined to agree with the Illinois blatherskite in the opinion that Garfield did act in bad faith toward the great mass of his party. Robertson is an honest man.

THE Cincinnati Gazette, the leading republican organ of the west, having boldly declared its intention of supporting the democratic nominee for mayor of its city in preference to the nominee of its own party, we may look for its subscribers in this county to discontinue. Such base treachery to "the pairty that saved the Onion" will not be tolerated by the "trooly lal" hereabouts.

A Good Housewife.

A good housewife, when she is giving her house its spring renovating, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than many houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines.—[Concord (N. H.) Patriot.

BURAS.

Well, our blacksmith has come at last. James Hampton is his name. He has got his house moved across the state road, and is doing lots of work. He does his work well, and does it cheap. He makes a splendid plow, and Hardinsburg won't sell any plows in this neighborhood this year.

Mitchell is doing a land-office business in the dry goods line.

The roads are almost impassable in this region.

While Mr. Adam Smith was moving his dwelling house a few days ago, on a logging wagon, Mr. Jesse W. Tucker got one of his arms caught between a wheel and the house and had it mashed flat, and is now suffering greatly.

House moving is all the go around here now. It takes six yokes of oxen and seventy-five men to move one house.

I am sorry that "Katydid" has sent in his resignation. We'll not hear any more about those big foxes and all those squirrels.

We have lost one of our good old neighbors, Mr. Hardin Alexander, who died of pneumonial fever. He leaves a wife and large family of children to mourn his loss. He left them in good, comfortable circumstances. Our neighborhood feels his loss, but God must have His will, and man is born to die.

Our farmers are through burning plant-beds, and are now sowing oats.

Wheat has nearly "gone back" on us around here. It is coming out a little in the last few days, enough to enable one to tell where a wheat field is, since the spring has opened.

Mr. James Moorman has bought all of the tobacco in this country, for which he paid a better price than has been offered by any other buyer who has been through here.

The people around here are unanimous in the desire to have George Chick represent them in the next legislature.

Bill Walker is living with Dr. Wilson this year. He can not get possession of the Stone House farm nor his males this year.

Success attend the NEWS, and send it on.
BLAKEY.

ROBERTSON'S VALLEY.

So far as marrying is concerned, it is nobody's business. For instance, look at Mr. B G——, who jilted Lillie and married Flowers. I am well acquainted with Miss Lillie, and think she did well not to take Mr. G——, although he wanted her to run off with him. I don't see what Misses L. W—— or J. F—— wanted with him, anyhow. He has neither horse, cow, hog nor sheep—nothing but an old musket and two children; and, besides, he is as ugly as a mud-fence staked and ridered with opossum tails.

Mr. Lonnie Smith's chicken got out and went over to Mr. Mitcham's. Lonnie was very much troubled. He wished it had gone to Mr. Gross'.

Mr. H. Snyder went to Mr. Jim Dowell's last Saturday night, and Miss Mary was getting supper; and he said that she made biscuit that would melt in your mouth.

Miss Sarah Minter has been visiting near Bewleyville for a week or two.

Look out, Miss Mary D——, Mr. Harsh S—— says that he is going to the Catholic church on the third Sunday in April.

Miss Margaret G—— and Mrs. Mary J—— spent the day at Mr. Osborne Meador's last Wednesday. I hope they had a good time.

Mr. Turpin and his son Alonzo went to Brandenburg last Friday to lay in a supply of house-furniture. I guess they think of marrying soon. I tell you, girls, you had better look out.

I suppose that Mr. Mitcham is selling goods very cheap, and I know that he has a very nice clerk.

Mr. C. H. Priest, Miss Katie C—— and Miss Delia S—— spent the evening with Mrs. Snyder last Tuesday.

Mr. Crabtree preached at Calico Flat last Sunday.

Mr. C. H. Priest has been staying at home for two months, waiting for his new suit. Now that he has it, I guess he will cut a big swell.

Well, I think "Trouble for Nothing" has left Opossum Hollow for good, if Miss Ruth says so; but, look out, Tom, that the old lady don't give your nose a twist.

A GREENHORN'S START.

CUSTER.

We are having fine weather now.

Tobacco is plentiful in this neighborhood.

Our school was out yesterday. We regret very much to have Mr. Whitehead leave our vicinity, but we hope he will give us a call every now and then.

Mr. James Hampton, our blacksmith, has moved to Buras. We are very sorry to give him up, as he is a very strict Adventist, and is very interesting.

Violet, Bettie says that "Bob is not lost," and Amelia says "her ring came home as soon as she expected it."

Mr. Thomas P. Davis moved to this town last week. He is to be our blacksmith this year.

Miss Lou Meador has gone to Cloverport. I suppose Ada R—— is very glad that Lou has left, for she thinks she can have Ollie all to herself.

I suppose Miss Lizzie will be sorry when George leaves, but Thomas Marlow will be glad.

Poley says he "sees a heap of fun when he goes to see Rosa," and he further says he "had a heap of fun last Sunday."

We will let you hear from us soon again.
SUN AND MOON.

UNION STAR.

In passing a road a few days ago, leading through a valley, I spied a notice upon a tree at its entrance, which I suppose had been written by some one owning the property, and it so attracted my attention that I could not refrain from stopping to take a copy of it. It reads as follows:

we har by Notify yoo all that this beter Rod is stopped up that no wagon Cent get long goleg to Root mill you Ples go down the big Rod.

Reader, I am an earnest advocate of the public schools and truly hope that their success may greatly increase in the coming years, yet many such as the author of the above notice are not in favor of such schools, and when called on to pay a dollar or two for their support, will say: "I don't belive in these schools; it takes too much money and don't do no good nohow. I learnt all my education myself, and I git 'long jist as good as any of 'em. Besides I never studied no grammar, but can talk jist as grammatical as them that studies grammar." I can say for myself, that I am proud of my education, and appreciate it very highly, yet I do not possess any great amount.

By the way, R. E. Woods, of Cloverport, is teaching a school at Robert's schoolhouse near here, which has called several of the young people of this village to their mental labor under his tutorage.

Mr. E. R. McGlothlan, although an unbeliever in superstition, makes it convenient to plant his potatoes in the dark of the moon, yet it is a rainy day.

Good-morning, Frank—give 'em a kick and let him go for Texas.
NIX.

GAFIELD.

Business opened up tolerably fair this morning.

Mr. H. C. Truman, a highly esteemed teacher and citizen of this place, is about taking leave for other parts—going, I believe, to Ohio county, his former home. While we regret his absence here, we hope he will be very cordially welcomed by his old friends there.

Garfield boasts of a public square for jockeys and jokers to spin their yarns on.

Messrs. Bell & Blake have entered into a partnership, and are going to do the blacksmithing for this community, if they will give them a chance. Also, Blake contemplates erecting a tobacco warehouse and a new shop.

Another Rich Bonanza!—Terrible Excitement in Town!—A hidden treasure has been uprooted from the gravelly points by William Sipes's little boys in the shape of two rocks, shaped like dice, sparkling with rich diamonds, and supposed to be worth about $10,000 dollars. But the specimens being examined more closely, it is thought that they could be purchased for a sum much smaller — for instance, about ten cents.

A Big Sale.—Mr. Charles Sipes bought of Mr. Frank Smith a buffalo rug, in the shape of a horse, for sixty-five dollars, cash. All that it lacks of being a rug is tanning.

Miss Katie Jones's school is out in this vicinity, and she has returned to her home below Hardinsburg. Her pupils regret the change very much, but the best of friends must part.

Mr. Tom Macy sets his foot down on bachelordom with a heavy crash. He got married Thursday last.

All who wish to subscribe for the NEWS call on B. F. Richardson, as he is raising a club.

The NEWS is a very welcome visitor with us now, as we are all interested in "Ardkill Cottage."

Let us hear from all you fluid-spreaders and paper-spoilers.
IMPROMPTU.

FORKS OF ROUGH.

Good-by, Miss Jennie. Come back and Z-us.

Oh, my! it's the dullest old time I ever saw. What has become of all the selfish boys? I think they treat us girls real mean.

The Union Sunday School was organized at McDaniel last Sunday. May it be a success.

Bob Glasscock says he's got the sore throat. Wonder if Tom Mercer's eyes have got well?

I wouldn't take it back, Hontz. I'd stick to it if I got a whipping by it. Zach's joking about it, anyhow.

BORN.—March 4, to the wife of Phil. Winchel, two lovely daughters, Ola and Cora. I don't see what makes every body raise girls and no boys. There are more of us, anyhow, than there are boys.

I believe the people are going to plowing when they get their corn gathered.

Mr. Ollie Howard has gone to Owensboro to get into business. Take care, Ollie, or you'll get into it before you are aware of it.

Miss Vanna Frank talks of going to Louisville to make that city her home. I hope she will not go. I don't think we can give her up. Miss Frank was formerly of Cloverport, and is one of the most charming young ladies we ever met.

There will be a Sunday School organized at Pleasant Hill next Sunday. We hope that it and the one at the village will be united and will accomplish great good.

Mr. Mike Shorshell, we learn, is going to move to Dr. Bruce's farm about two and a half miles from McDaniel. Come, on Mike, we'll be glad to see you.

WANTED.—Some old maid, or widow, or something or other, that wants to marry right bad, address J. A. W., McDaniel, Ky.

The seven year itch is mighty bad in this county now. Some of the boys, as well as us girls, too, had it twice last week.

If you are troubled with warts, steal a little piece of your neighbor's dishrag, with which rub the wart gently and repeat in solemn voice: "Ana, mana, meno, Mike; para, lona, bona, strike; have, wave, wallow, wack; halico, balico, wano, whack!"

"Bill Duggin, I love you better than any woman that lives on earth." "Yes, and I love you, too, Tucker." "Bill, will you marry me?" "You bet I will!"

SUSAN JANE McGOFF.

HAYSVILLE.

We have been having some blustery weather hereabouts.

Health of the community very good.

Not more than 25 per cent. of corn land broken yet, and scarcely any oats sown.

Stock hogs rather scarce in this vicinity.

If you have any good horses or mules to sell, fetch 'em along; we'll buy 'em.

We don't want any more wat walnuts at the former price, lest at the appearance of warm weather they mould in the barrel.

We had a big serenade one night during the week, but as it would occupy more space than might prove interesting to any one not connected with the affair, we will not give the particulars. Suffice it to say, we had quite a gay time.

Miss Georgia Kennedy returned home last Sunday from a visit in the Bethel neighborhood, where she spent two or three weeks among her relatives and friends.

We think, Miss L. C——, that Mr. S—— is going off on another three days visit shortly.

Oh, I liked to have forgot. Look out for greenhorns about the 41st of August, as they seem to have a great relish for White Burley.

As I am a little Swiss girl, and quite young for my age, I will say by-by, and q-u-i-t.

A SWISS GIRL.

SORGHUM VALLEY.

Farmers are busy with spring work.

Prof. Dock Coke has returned home, his term as principal of Calico Flat school having just expired. He was welcomed home by many friends.

The large thirty-horse power engine belonging to the fine flouring and saw mill of Messrs. Lucas, Neff & Co., broke down last week, causing considerable loss of time, and throwing about two hundred and fifty hands out of employment.

Prof. Chinta Royalty is paying a visit to his many friends in this county, before beginning his spring session of school at Bardstown Junction, Bullitt county.

The smoke-house of the widow Coke was raided the other night, and the next morning a fine ham was missed, and has not been heard from. Be more considerate, boys. If you wish to play a joke, don't play it on a widow woman.

There has been a new game introduced in this section called "Double and Quits." It was introduced by Jim Johnson and Mollie P——. Jim doubled his correspondence and Mollie quit. Jim, you have our warmest sympathies in your bereavement.

Mr. J. R. Drane, of the firm of Drane & Co., Hudsonville, has just returned from the east, where he has been purchasing their spring stock of goods. The firm is now doing a heavy business, requiring the services of ten to fifteen clerks daily.

Mr. J. N. Whitehead is preparing to leave our county. He is going to locate near Rineyville, Hardin county. We very much regret the loss of so good a citizen. We wish him success in his new home.

Mr. Patrick D. Milner is going to attend the graded school at Leitchfield, Grayson county, to prepare himself for the ministry. May success attend his steps.

And may his days ever be
Sunshine to the end,
Is the heartfelt wish
Of his sincere friend.

GRAVEL SCRATCHER.

BIG SPRING.

Mud, mud, mud!

Business good.

Plenty of eggs, and more coming.

Meador and family have returned from New Orleans, well pleased with their visit to Mardi-Gras.

SINGULAR.—There has been an animal making its appearance in front of the barroom here, for several days, with head and eyes like a snake, body shaped like a horse, feet like an elephant, with a tail about six times the length of its head and body, causing considerable excitement.

Miss Eliza West, of Constantine, is visiting friends at this place. We wish her a long and pleasant visit.

Miss Bettie Morris is teaching "the young ideas how to shoot" at Forest Arden Academy. "Children," please love your teacher.

We think that Dolph has swam the river of oblivion. The last words we heard him utter were, "If you love me, just lay your little hand in mine." We left.

DESTROYED BY FIRE.—John Richardson, of High Plains, lost his dwelling and meat-house Monday night. No carelessness on their part.

BLUE JEANS.

From Another Correspondent.

The building of the Fair Ground is progressing rapidly.

Mr. Mell. Meador has returned from the south with a large stock of groceries, which he is offering very cheap.

Miss Eliza West, of Constantine, is visiting friends here.

Let's all go and see the alligator next Sunday.

If you will only look at the stock that Thornsberry & Brumlette are making use of, and the low prices at which they are working, you will be sure to let them make you a new pair of boots.

No ploughing done for corn yet.

The end of YOUNG BLUE JEANS.

GARFIELD.

Farmers, I believe, are done sowing plant-beds.

Not much plowing done in these parts yet, but a great many brier-patches grubbed up.

It looks like winter is going to last always, but I think it is about over now.

Miss Fannie B——, you tell those fellows to come one at a time.

Miss Sarah L——, Mr. Frank talks like he is getting very lonesome. He will be around pretty soon, I guess.

Somehow, the Franks all have a peculiar admiration for a Miss Lucy. I wonder if Miss Lucy W—— can imagine who it is?

Mr. George says if he knew who that girl was, he'd be sure to call and see her right soon.

A good many widowers are spreeing about, and some of them mean business, too, I tell you.

Susan Jane, George says he is glad you told him what a knife was used for. Next time, he says, correct him in something that he doesn't know.

The neighborhood of Garfield can boast of having as pretty girls as there are anywhere.

Mr. A. B——, if you don't watch out, Mr. Buck will get ahead of you up on the hill. That's what I heard the other day.

Mr. Frank P——, some of the boys say they wish you would quit coming down this way. They think there is trouble on hand.

Miss Florence, how is the checker-box these times? Us girls are thinking of coming to play with you soon.

If some people would keep their mouths shut a little closer, attend to their own business a little more, and let others alone, it would be a heap happier here in this world. Besides that, too much is said concerning other people's business.

May be I had better stop.
WAXIE.

STONY POINT.

Health is generally good in this vicinity.

Farmers are making great preparations for a large crop, especially of White Burley.

Wheat crops look very indifferent in this section of the county this spring.

Victor Matthews has let himself to Chas. Mattingly, this season, to raise a crop. Mr. James Henning has hired Jefferson Stewart this year, to shuck nubbins and watch the ducks to their roosts.

Logan Hushnin has gone to Cloverport to be treated by Dr. Howard for consumption.

Willie C—— is making loud preparations to take a trip down on Long Lick to "see dat ar gala what Lula tole you about."

Lula has been a standing candidate for jailer for twelve months, subject to the will of the people at the August election, 1882. Suppose he thinks there is nothing like being in time, as he does not know how well he will run. It seems he has been writing in the NEWS to make himself acquainted with the people.

W. P—— says he is a standing candidate for constable next term.

We have had such large rains lately in this vicinity that it has started the Lake to running up hill.

That Recorder that was inquired after has gone to Caneyville.

Mr. Adam McCoy has purchased himself a tract of New-land.

Leslie is very beautiful,
Brown is very small;
Pennington is a "yaller good 'un,"
And McClellan is best of all.

SHANG HIGH.

NEW GOODS!

WITT & PULLIAM,

HARDINSBURG, KY.,

Have just received and opened a full and complete stock of New Goods, which they will dispose of

AT BOTTOM PRICES

for Cash or Produce Only. Experience having convinced us that the Cash System is the best for all concerned, we have concluded that from and after this date we will sell strictly for

THE CASH!

or exchange Goods for Country Produce. We propose to take all kinds of Country Produce at its cash value, and sell goods

AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST!

We are thankful to the people for their generous patronage heretofore, and hope by Fair Dealing and Cheap Goods to merit a continuance of their patronage. All that we ask is a chance. Call and examine our stock, get our prices, and we are not afraid to risk the balance. We have a full and complete stock of

MEN'S & BOYS' CLOTHING!

purchased in the leading markets of the United States, under the most favorable circumstances. No store can undersell us. Don't ask for we neither can nor will give it. WITT & PULLIAM.

n36-4t

THE NEW BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

J. W. McMILLEN,

FORMERLY OF STEPHENSPORT,

FASHIONABLE BOOT & SHOE MAKER,

NEXT DOOR TO C. P. BABBAGE'S,

WALL STREET,

CLOVERPORT - - - - - - - - - - - - KENTUCKY.

I am prepared to do all kinds of work in the Latest Styles either for Gentlemen or Ladies wear. I use nothing but first-class stock, and all my work is

Warranted to Fit.

MY PRICES WILL ALWAYS BE THE LOWEST. Call on me if you want a Good, Nice-Fitting Boot or Shoe at a Reasonable Price. J. W. McMILLEN.

n36-3m

ASTOUNDING REVELATION!

A CLEAN SWEEP AND A BOOMING BUSINESS!

D'HUY'S JEWELRY STORES AT CLOVERPORT and HARDINSBURGH A COMPLETE

SUCCESS!

Old residents hardly know what to make of it, but nevertheless, notwithstanding all rein assertions to the contrary, we are still in the ring; solid and firm in the conviction that we can and will good bargains in good, reliable goods, as low as any house in the world. You have but to try us to be convinced.

Why Can We Do So?

BECAUSE
We buy our goods for cash.
Our expenses are light.
We understand our business.
We have an IMMENSE TRADE!
We are experienced workmen; and last, but not least,
We will positively NOT BE UNDERSOLD, but guarantee to duplicate any one's prices.

We keep a full stock of the following goods always on hand: Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Solid Spoons, Plated Spoons, Knives and Forks. Fine and Cheap Jewelry of *all kinds*. Plain Gold Rings to order a Specialty. Hair Jewelry, of all kinds, Made to Order. Also Agent for King's Combination Spectacles. Peddlers can not get these "Specs."

Proprietor of the F. N. D'Huy American Railroad Watch. The best watch for the money made. Call and examine.

A full stock of Violins, Accordeons, Guitars, Banjos, French Harps, Bows, and Strings of all kinds. Also, Sole Agent for the Genuine French Steel String, 25c per set for Violin, 50c per set for Guitar, and 40c per set for Banjo.

Our Repairing Department

Is under our personal supervision, and all work entrusted to our care will have prompt and careful attention. Will be pleased to have you call, and we will strive to make it to your interest to call again. Respectfully,
F. N. D'HUY, JEWELER.
Established 1873.
n35-15m

New Advertisements

A Wager.

I will wager from $100 to $500 that Warhoo' Bill, better known as the Hatchet Horse, can beat any living horse 300 steps or yards, to walk up and start by the tap of the drum or the word go. Race to be run any time during the fair on either the Hardinsburg or Big Spring track.
B. BEARD.
n35-3t

Strayed.

From Dr. Kurtz's stable, in this city, about the 1st of March, 1881,

ONE POLAND-CHINA BOAR,

white and black spotted, two years old, crop and hole in the right ear, crop and underbit in the left, and weighing about 250 pounds. Any information given as to his whereabouts will be rewarded.
ELI DEAN.
n35-4t

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest-Selling Pictorial Books & Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. National Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo. n32-12t

SEED CORN!

Wright's Golden Yellow

WILL mature three weeks earlier than other varieties of field corn. Yields 100 BUSHELS per acre on good land. Ears medium size, deep grain, very small cob; 70 lbs. in ear will shell 60 to 63 lbs. Price $2 per bushel; five bushels for $9. Sample packages 25c. Cotton sacks 25c.
Z. Z. CARPENTER,
n29-12t Shelbyville, Shelby Co., Ky.

STARTLING DISCOVERY!

LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers, address J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham st., N. Y.
n31-1y

$2 Watches. Stem winders $8 50. White metal Hunting Case $5. Imitation gold $6. Solid gold $12. Cheapest and best for your own use or speculative purposes. Valuable catalogue free. THOMPSON & CO., 138 Nassau St., New York.
n31-1y

THE ENQUIRER.

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER.

The Greatest Newspaper in the West.

The ENQUIRER is just closing one of the most prosperous and successful years of its existence. We wish to thank the people and our patrons for their support. Your encouragement has made the task of publishing the best newspaper in the West a possibility.

We ask your aid and support for the year to come, and for the future, and pledge you that we will spare no expense to make the ENQUIRER for the ensuing year not only the best newspaper in the West, but the rival of any in America.

The history of each day's events will be faithfully and fearlessly told, exposing fraud, rebuking corruption, and upholding the right. The facts of the world belong to the people, and will be presented to them by the ENQUIRER free of malice and undisturbed for political or personal purposes.

In the future, as in the past, the ENQUIRER will be found advocating the rights of the people, and against encroachment upon those rights from any source: the rights of the States; the rights of communities, and the fullest liberty to individuals compatible with the general order and welfare of society.

THE WEEKLY ENQUIRER

Will be a paper that ought to be in the hands of every farmer, every mechanic and every toiler in the land. As an agricultural paper, full of fresh, valuable and reliable information, it will be without a rival. A corps of contributors has been retained whose practical and theoretical knowledge in all branches of good farming is unsurpassed.

TERMS OF WEEKLY ENQUIRER.

For one year	$1 15
For six months	65

A free copy given to any one sending a club of seven names with $8.05.

TERMS OF DAILY ENQUIRER.

	Without Sunday Issue.	With Sunday Issue.
One year	$12 00	$14 00
Six Months	6 00	7 00
Three Months	3 25	3 75
One Month	1 25	1 50
Sunday's issue alone, per year		2 00
Any two day's issue	"	4 00
Any three day's issue	"	6 00

Send for sample copies.

FARAN & McLEAN, Publishers.
Cincinnati, Ohio, December 1, 1880.
n21-tf

Breckenridge News.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1881.

FOR THE STATE SENATE.

We are authorized to announce Mr. R. Y. BUSH, of Hancock county, as a candidate at the ensuing August election, to represent the district composed of the counties of Hancock, Breckenridge, Grayson and Edmonson, in the State Senate. Subject to the action of a Democratic convention should one be called.
n28 te

We are authorized to announce Hon. R. R. PIERCE, of Breckenridge, as a candidate to represent this (the 10th) Senatorial District in the State Senate, at the ensuing August election, subject to the decision of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Mr. LAFAYETTE GREEN, of Grayson county, as a candidate to represent this (the 10th) Senatorial District in the State Senate, at the ensuing August election, subject to the decision of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Dr. T. N. WARFIELD, of Breckenridge county, as a candidate to represent this (the 10th) Senatorial District in the State Senate, at the ensuing August election, subject to the decision of the democratic party.

REPRESENTATIVE.

We are authorized to announce Mr. GREEN W. BEARD, of Hardinsburg, as a candidate to represent Breckenridge county in the popular branch of the next General Assembly, at the ensuing August election, subject to the decision of the democratic party.

OUR AGENTS.

V. G. BABBAGE, Hardinsburg, Ky.
J. P. HASWELL, "
ED. S. FOOTE, Bewleyville, "
L. R. ADKISSON, Clifton Mills, "
W. B. HARDIN, Big Spring, "
E. B. MITCHAM, Rosette, "
Dr. R. O. PULLIAM, West View, "
B. F. RICHARDSON, Garfield, "

Worth Your Notice.

Call and examine our beautiful designs in new Wall Paper just received. We have not the time to write about them this week. We will probably say something next week.

Respectfully, J. D. BABBAGE.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Taylor Beard, of Hardinsburg, was in town last Wednesday.

Miss Lillie Robertson, of Rock Lick, is visiting relatives in the city.

Miss Maria C. Watkins, of Owensboro, is visiting Mrs. M. Hambleton.

Mr. S. M. Dean and wife, of Owensboro, were in the city during the week.

Miss Mary Minor, of Jefferson county, and Miss Nellie Burks, of Holt's Bottom, are the guests of Miss Nellie Bowmer.

Mr. Wm. H. Kingsbury, of Owensboro, spent a couple of days in town during the week, returning home yesterday morning.

Miss Pierce, of Cloverport, is visiting the family of Dr. S S Watkins, on Seventh and Allen streets.—[Owensboro Messenger and Examiner.

Miss White and Miss Georgia White, of Cloverport, are visiting Miss Susie Luckett, on Fourth street.—[Owensboro Messenger and Examiner.

Prof. J. D. Crow, a former teacher in the High School here, and just returned from Ann Arbor, Mich., where he graduated with distinguished honors, was in the city during the week.

Billy Hatchet, of Henderson, will have no reason to be "lonesome" any longer. His charming little wife, who has been visiting her parents here for several weeks, returned home yesterday.

Among the numerous arrivals in Hopkinsville, during the week, we were glad to notice that of our friend, Mr. H. G. Leichhardt, of Monticello, Iowa. Mr. Leichhardt was formerly a citizen of this city, and no young man stood higher in the social or business circles than he. He became identified with the business interests of the town at an early age and rapidly grew in popularity. His business interests, however, directed his steps northward, and we were deprived, much to our regret, of his social and business worth.—[Hopkinsville New Era.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Eggs are steady at 10c.

Salt, in 5½-bushel barrels, $1.25.

The fishing season is approaching.

The snow yesterday was an "extra."

Landlords are plentiful in Stephensport.

Butter is in good demand at 15c and 20c.

Seed sweet potatoes, 2½ to 3 cents per pound.

Onion Sets—Silver Skin, 30c per pound; Red, 25c.

Fresh fish finds a ready sale at 5c and 6c per pound.

The new board of trustees want pay for their services.

Circuit court convenes at Hardinsburg next Monday.

J. L. Miller will sell two-horse plows cheaper than any body.

All the plows that Cooper & Behen sell give perfect satisfaction.

When they fall squars across the pavement its Uncle Ike's job.

Flies have made their appearance; so have the licks—over in Grayson.

There were several of the boys got too much lunch at Vessels's Saturday.

Saturday was a regular boomer for John Barleycorn. He set up several nice jobs.

Northern Early Rose seed potatoes $1.50 per bushel, Peach Blows and Peerless, 75c.

Services in the Elm Street Methodist church next Sunday at 11 a. m. and at night.

Prof. Hayes talks of opening a singing school after he closes his engagement in the High School.

The Hornet is trying to feather her nest as a semi-weekly packet between Louisville and Cannelton.

There are forty other places to which some of our boys would rather go than Hardinsburg next week.

There is talk of building a public well on the corner of Poplar and Wall streets. We hope it won't end in talk.

Mrs. Rebecca Garrett, aged 42, died at her residence in this city Sunday night, of inflammation of the stomach.

The Baptist church is very much improved in appearance. Mr. J. V. Murphy has given it a new coat of paint.

J. L. Miller is selling one-horse plows with two steel points for $5, and if they don't do good work you don't keep them.

We notice by the Pensacola (Fla.) Advance of the 26th inst., that Mr. Fred Walter arrived at that port from Cuba on that morning.

Twenty-nine of our faithful reporters come to time this week, and give our readers a good idea of what is transpiring in different parts of the county.

Our new ground jumpers give general satisfaction, so any those who have used them, and, if we may judge by the large demand, it must be so. COOPER & BEHEN.

"The Famous Plow," sold by Cooper & Behen, runs lighter, does its work better and with more ease to both man and team, than any other plow in the market. Try one.

Rev. S C. Allen will begin a protracted meeting in the Elm Street Methodist church second Sunday in April, assisted by Rev. Mr. King, Evangelist, who expects to remain ten days or two weeks.

We stated in last week's issue that Chas. Furrow had opened up a barber shop in the basement room of J. F. Sulzer & Bro's store house. It was a mistake. His shop is in one of the rooms of the Cloverport Hotel.

There were about three thousand three hundred and ninety-five Cloverporters down to see the packet as she passed up Sunday. There is always something new about a steamboat to a Cloverporter, and especially to a Hardinsburger.

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS is edited and printed in an eight-by-ten room, but it is one of the best edited and best printed papers in this or any other state, and we wish it understood that, in saying this, we are not putting caramels in Gruelle.—[Frankfort Yeoman.

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS, one of the brightest papers in the state, honored us with a visit for the first time this week. It is a long-felt want, and we will exchange with it, with a felicity known only to those who have read its entertaining columns.—[Interior Journal.

Our information in regard to the Donohue-Beard cutting scrape was furnished by an old citizen of the county, who is also a minister of the Gospel. That we were misinformed we are now convinced, and are sorry that we were led to do Donohue—with whom we have no acquaintance—an injustice. This explanation must satisfy him and his friends.

The mysterious and fatal fever that ravaged that portion of Grayson county known as the "Territory" so terribly last summer and fall, has made its reappearance, though in another locality of our neighboring county, this time locating its deadly presence in the Short Creek neighborhood. Four deaths are reported up to Sunday, with several hopeless cases on hand.

Mr. F. Walter writes from Havana that he is eating watermelons and green peas, and enjoying all the delicacies known to that delightful climate. That he is perfectly infatuated with the country, and all that he lacks to make him supremely happy is the presence of the fair damsel he left behind him. Just send us a check, Mr. Fred, and we'll fetch her.

ERRATA.—In a recent Big Spring letter, in an item relating to ravages among sheep by dogs, we made Mr. W. B. Hardin the owner of the sheep instead of Mr. W. Y. Hardin. As W. B. never owned a sheep (unless he "hooked" it) he very naturally feels aggrieved at being made a man of substance in this summary manner. We cheerfully retract and apologize, Bill

John Bird, of Hancock county, came to town Saturday, filled himself with bottled melody, and sang Moody and Sankey hymns on the street in a mosaic voice composed of equal parts of bass, tenor and baritone. Judge Fisher refused to "list to the mocking Bird," and in default of a small contribution to the corporation charity-box the melodious nuisance was caged.

A young man from the country, belonging to one of the best families in the county, came into town Saturday, and became helplessly intoxicated. From the sidewalk to the calaboose is but a step, and that step this young man took. If he has no regard for himself, nor for the feelings of his aged parents, he will continue in this beastly course. Only we give him—and also every one else who come to town to get drunk—warning that we will hereafter publish their names.

Messrs. Smith & Johnson, a couple of enterprising business men from South Carrollton, Muhlenberg county, opened a store at Stephensport Monday. They report a general exodus this spring of people from Muhlenberg, in consequence of the dishonesty of the county officials in regard to the payment of their railroad debt, which has in the end, after years of litigation, fastened upon the tax-payers a debt of $600,000. Honesty is the best policy with counties as well as with men.

The McDaniel Glee Club will give an entertainment at Bowmer & Hambleton's Hall, in this city, next Tuesday night, April 5. The programme will be the same as that given the previous night at Hardinsburg, for which see our Hardinsburg items. This club has exhibited at several points in the county, and their entertainments have won high encomiums. We hope our citizens will greet them with a full house, particularly as the proceeds are for the purpose of permanently establishing a Sunday School at McDaniel.

The United States contain a population of fifty million souls. Perhaps two thirds of that number have used one or more bottles of Dr. Marshall's Lung Syrup, where they have had a bad Cold, or Chronic or hacking Cough or any of the numerous Lung Complaints to which the human family is heir to. Out of this vast number of bottles sold there has been, we must own, two bottles returned. Please take notice, reader, two bottles that have not given satisfaction but millions that have used it with good results. When buying medicines for the family always ask for Dr. Marshall's Lung Syrup. Trial bottles free. Regular size $1. Sold by A. R. Fisher.

The Illustrated Scientific News.

One of the handsomest of publications is the Illustrated Scientific News, published by Munn & Co., New York. Every number contains thirty-two pages, full of engravings of novelties in science and the useful arts. Ornamental wood work, pottery, vases and objects of modern and ancient art are finely shown.

The March number contains, among various other subjects illustrated, a full description of the manufacture of paper hangings, with engravings; how the deceptive curve is produced in casting the ball by the baseball pitcher, his attitude, how he holds and handles the ball, all fully illustrated. The number before us also contains engravings of Capt. Eads' proposed ship railway across the Isthmus, and a novel hydraulic railway locomotive.

In addition to all this it contains many valuable recipes for artisans and housekeepers.

This publication will be found instructive and entertaining to all classes, but will be best appreciated by the most intelligent. Published by Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, New York, at $1.50 a year, and sold by all newsdealers.

An Interesting Problem.

Editor Breckenridge News:

I wish to submit the following problem to the pupils of the Cloverport High School. It might also furnish an agreeable and instructive exercise to the former graduates of the same school, or to the merchants of the town:

A town employed an agent for one year to sell goods, agreeing to give him $69 for his services. They furnished him with $38 in money and $59.50 in goods. The agent spent during the year $282.85 for goods. Amount of sales $281.50. He returned $81 in goods to the town. Did the town owe the agent, or the agent the town, and how much? Did the town make or lose by the agency, and how much?

Bob Moorman has gone to the woods with a lot of hands to get out spoke timber.

STEPHENSPORT NOTES.

John Bennett still gums it.

John Jarrett ought to have a wife.

Holt's Bottom is a lovely country.

C. W. Moorman is a very popular sheriff.

The senatorial race is not creating much talk.

Mrs. W. E. Miner's new residence is a handsome building.

Kit Monroe, the postmaster at Holt, Ky., is the father of twins.

The post-office is too far out of town to suit the business men.

Mr. Wedding is closing out his stock of goods, with a view of going to Texas.

The road from Holt to Stephensport ought to run directly up the river bank.

Every other house in town is a hotel. They all give a square meal for 25 cents.

A big boom in business is expected as soon as the new store gets under full headway.

The Diadem Mills run four days in the week, and do a good business outside of their local trade.

The man that called Stephensport a "little village on the Ohio river," had better steer clear of her borders in future.

When the citizens of Holt's Bottom get through with their spring whitewashing, it will be a perfect paradise of a country.

Mr. Ad. Frymire, of Union Star, sold last Friday, to Mr. E. P. Moseley and Mr. R. S. Seaton, two fine milch cows for $30 each.

Shellman & Millett are supplying the market with a fine lot of cedar posts, and furnishing good whittling timber for the corner loafers.

Paul Hardin wants a class in penmanship, and T. M. Davenport wants to make pictures. Both these young men should be accommodated.

Friday last was rule day, but as the people in these parts have learned that it does not pay to law, the docket was as blank as a piece of white paper.

A Jew from Tell City has opened a cheap clothing store in the old Moorman store house. If a customer calls he is notified by a card on the door: "I am down at the Seaton Hotel. If you want any thing, hunt me up."

Dr. S. L. Helm got two of his fingers badly mashed while handling some logs in the new ground. The Doctor takes comfort, however, for all his ills, in having one of the finest two-year-old thoroughbred heifers in the State. She's a daisy.

I. & A. Crawford, tobacconists, have been handling White Burley tobacco seed for the past ten years, and have urged the farmers to plant it every year, while the dealers in Cloverport have been giving it the cold shoulder. The consequence is, the farmers are behind several thousand dollars in the item of tobacco.

HARDINSBURG.

The big court begins next Monday.

Miss Adel Smith has been sick several days.

Rev. J. H. Lennin is home for a short period.

T. Harder Withers is the bass baritone player.

Wm. K. Barnes has been quite sick for several days.

Miss Gabriella Overstreet is visiting relatives in Madisonville.

Ernest Haswell has charge of the drug department in N. L. Hensley's store.

Gentlemen, preserve your goods boxes. The whittling committee will soon be ready for operations.

The Glee Club at McDaniel announce that they will be here and give another entertainment on next Monday night, April 4. It will be remembered that the same company was here a month or two ago and gave a performance that pleased every body that saw it. We give the following programme for Monday night, which is entirely new, and we can assure the public well worth going to see: "Off the Stage," a comedy; "Katarina's Little Game," a Dutch comedy; "Mutton Trial," a sketch; "Who Died First," an Ethiopian comedy. The performance will last three and one-fourth hours. Admission 25 and 15 cents.

Wanted.

A few boarders during court week. Good rooms and first-class fare at reasonable rates. MRS. A. J. LENNIN.

LEITCHFIELD.

Our town is at peace once more.

Remember "April fool's" day.

The drummers are coming in on every train.

Maple sugar is very plentiful at present.

Dispatches are often delayed.

Mr. Jeff Beauchampe is at home once more.

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS hasn't been slighted by any one in this community for the last six weeks.

Mr. Jimmie Moorman paid his sister, Miss Hattie, who is in Louisville, a short visit a few days ago.

Misses Belle and Fannie Singleton, two sweet young ladies of Hardin, who have been on a short visit to their sister, Mrs. Jas. McClure, returned home this week.

Miss Kate Montgomery will leave for home in a few days, perhaps to return soon. There are "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one."

Mr. Charles Moorman's business is very pressing at present. He returned this week from "business" in Owensboro.

Several of the influential men of Breckenridge county insist upon Mr. Ed. Thomas offering for the senate.

"Faint heart never won fair lady." Such a good old adage ought to be enough to stir some of our bashful boys up. "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: It might have been."

We dislike to tell jokes on old bachelors, but they might as well have jokes told on them as old maids; so here goes. Our jovial, nice bachelor, Mr. Ed. Thomas, fell headlong into a mudhole a few nights ago, near the M. E. church. After regaining his feet, he made out to reach home, but not until after he had stumbled over a pile of barrels, plows, etc. He thinks that the town trustees ought to be sued for not keeping the streets in repair and clear of obstructions. 'Tis bad to have a new forty-dollar suit almost ruined, but that's what old bachelors and old maids get by not having *a support.* They are always getting into some kind of trouble, and therefore need some one to keep their eyes open or to carry a lantern.

Vale, EARLE.

J. L. Miller

Will be in Hardinsburg on Monday, 1st day of April court, and will sell Plows Cheaper than any man in the trade. As he has a large lot on hand, he will sell at about cost. Wants to quit the business. Will sell C.O. Avery for $10 50, with two points.

Housekeeping in the Blue Grass.

A New and Practical Cook Book—containing nearly a thousand receipts, many of them new and all of them tried and known to be valuable, such as have been used by the best housekeepers of Kentucky and other states. Price $1.50. For sale by J. D. Babbage.

FROM MEXICO.

Editor Breckenridge News:

OJO DE AGUA, Sonora, Mexico, March, 15.—To-day being the 20th anniversary of my birthday, I can find no better way of commemorating that event than in giving you and your readers a glimpse of life in Mexico.

I have been in Sonora since October last, and notwithstanding the fact that 'tis a country where they plow with a rail, saw wood with a hammer, cut hay with a hoe, chain up the hogs, let the dogs run loose, and spell cheese with a "Q," I find it quite a pleasant place—its principal attraction, however, is its great mineral wealth.

One great drawback at present is the so-called twenty league law, which prohibits any one—except a Mexican citizen—locating and developing any mineral property within sixty miles of the boundary lines. However, the legislature of Arizona is petitioning congress to ask Mexico for an abrogation of the treaty. Senor Gral-Ignacio Pesqueira, ex governor of Sonora, is strongly advocating the cause to the Mexican Republic, and I think the chances are favorable for an abrogation of that clause of the treaty; then undoubtedly Sonora will rank foremost as a silver producing country.

The climate here is sublime. I have seen no snow this winter. It is never very cold nor over very warm. The soil is extremely rich, and produces immense yields, but owing to the people—who are at least three hundred years behind the age—the country is as yet an unreclaimed wilderness.

Myself and two companions (one of whom is a naturalized citizen) have a smelter erected here, and are working on ore assaying $2,640 per ton. We expect soon to be able to work two tons a day. In that case, we are bound to make money rapidly. I may further add, that in such an event, I may soon return to old Breckenridge, and, to use current slang, "Make Rome howl for awhile." TWM.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it, there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.
n17-ly

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an **Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES** are **certain to give relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases.** For thirty years the Troches have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. They are not new or untried, but having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. **Public Speakers and Singers** use them to clear and strengthen the **Voice.** Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere. n17-ly

New Advertisements

List of Claims Allowed by the Breckenridge County Court.

STATE OF KENTUCKY,
Breckenridge County Court,
January Term, 1881.

The following are the claims allowed to be paid out of the levy of 1880:

G P Jolly, for 5 copies Stanton's laws	$37 50
Alf Roberts, trustee for Mrs Houchens	60 00
Aaron Dresser, surveying	3 00
W B Stith, same	1 50
Milton Board, settling with school com	9 00
Same, stove for office	12 00
G P Jolly, same	35 00
Jas E Stone, settling with the sheriff	15 00
Total amount	$173 00
To be paid out of the levy of 1881.	
William S DeJernette, tax 1878	$3 00
R M Jolly, 1 coffin	6 00
L A Foote, inquest	6 00
Same, burial expenses	3 00
Samuel Beam, trustee M Ellmore	50 00
Wallace Duncan, going into a well	10 00
Jacob L Miller, tools	20 00
E R Eskridge, trustee for Mrs Cannon	30 00
Joel G Sapp, trustee for M Simmons	30 00
Samuel D Hales, trustee for Mrs M Skillman	30 00
Robert Patterson, tools	5 40
Veet & Smart, same	5 00
Michael Hamman, coffins	12 00
C M Mofllothlin, deputy sheriff	2 00
John Alexander, same	3 00
William Cooper, tools	5 00
James E Holder, Cane Run bridge	50 00
H D Damm, Haycraft coffin	6 00
Michael Sheron, poor-house rails	2 75
H W Beard, com R C bridge	10 00
W A Barton, caps for store	6 00
I R Drem, trustee for Leslie	40 00
John Slaton, jailer since Nov	59 75
E R Eskridge, Esq attending this court	3 00
Jo R Pulliam, same	3 00
Ed Pate, same	3 00
Thos W Dyer, same	3 00
James F Burch, same	3 00
Courtney Askins, same	3 00
Frank Rhodes, same	3 00
Geo P Nottingham, same	3 00
George Harned, same	3 00
Wesley G Herrington, same	3 00
L A Foote, same	3 00
Thos Atkerson, same	3 00
Hen R Bruner, same	3 00
W H Pike, same	3 00
Crawford Lyons, same	3 00
A N Jolly, same	3 00
William Cannon, same	3 00
E B Wilson, same	3 00
G W Carwile, same	3 00
Thos McQuady, same	3 00
John T Barbee, same	3 00
John P Frank, same	3 00
James H Berry, same	3 00
E R Sutton, same	3 00
Total amount	$467 90

Attest. G. P. JOLLY, C.B.C.C.

WHITE BURLEY TOBACCO SEED FOR SALE!

Where to get the BEST TOBACCO SEED, that the best crop may be produced, is a question now being agitated throughout the land. The only place where the WHITE BURLEY SEED can be had in its purity is direct from that part of the Ohio Valley known as the Brown County District, where it originated in the year 1864. This Tobacco has in many instances sold for $50 per 100 pounds, several times as high as $58.

As we couldn't get "a change" last fall, let us have it now by throwing all other types aside and growing the kind that is in demand and meets with ready sale the year round, at PRICES MORE THAN DOUBLE those of other varieties. Grow the White Burley Tobacco and you will soon be numbered with the Bondholders of the Nation.

You can procure this Seed direct of me, all grown the past season and Guaranteed Pure, as it was all raised by me and selected with the greatest care expressly for my trade. I make the Seed Business a specialty, and have done so for over ten years. I grow no other Tobacco, hence you will not get mixed seed as is often the case.

PRICES.—Per Ounce, 75 cents; Per Pound, $5. J. T. BURRESS,
n31-8t Felicity, Clermont Co., Ohio.

Workingmen.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Bilious or Spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much sickness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don't wait.—[Burlington Hawkeye.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to us, will please come forward and settle, and thus save costs. C. SIPPEL & Co.
n33-4t

New Advertisements

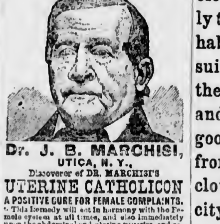
WANTED---POPLAR AND WALNUT LUMBER.

J. A. GREENWELL (more familiarly known by Lonnie Greenwell) wants all the Poplar and Walnut Lumber in the county, for which he pays the highest cash price. Parties having lumber to sell will do well to see him before selling elsewhere. Headquarters and office at C. B. Temple's Hotel, Cloverport, Ky.
n36-4t

Wanted.

A blacksmith to carry on business, either to hire or work on shares. Apply to the undersigned at Liberty Hall, Breckenridge county, Ky., six miles south of Cloverport.
n36 2t R. F. MATTINGLY.

Daughters, Wives, Mothers!



Dr. J. B. MARCHISI,
UTICA, N. Y.,
Discoverer of DR. MARCHISI'S
UTERINE CATHOLICON
A POSITIVE CURE FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

This Remedy will act in harmony with the Female system at all times, and also immediately upon the abdominal and uterine muscles, and restore them to a healthy and strong condition.

Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon will cure falling of the womb, Leucorrhœa, Chronic Inflammation and Ulceration of the womb, Incidental Hemorrhage or Flooding, Painful, Suppressed and Irregular Menstruation, Kidney Complaint, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. Send for pamphlet free. All letters of inquiry freely answered. Address as above.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Price $1.50 per bottle. Be sure and ask for Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon. Take no other.
n8-ly

HOP BITTERS.
(A Medicine, not a Drink.)
CONTAINS
HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.
THEY CURE
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.
$1000 IN GOLD.
Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.
Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.
D I C is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
All above sold by druggists.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.
n35 ly

For Sale.

A good Saddle and Buggy Mare. Price, $60. Call on S. C. ALLEN,
n33-3t Cloverport, Ky.

T. C. LEWIS,
—DEALER IN—
Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Spectacles, Rings, Chains and Gold Pens,
Hardinsburg - - - Ky.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully and accurately repaired, and warranted. When in town look for my Sign, near the Livery Stable Corner. n34-tf

$2.50
—WILL BUY THE—
"NEWS"
—AND—
Weekly Courier-Journal

For one year, postage paid. No family in Breckenridge county can be supremely happy without them.

Address, J. D. BABBAGE,
53 Wall St., Cloverport, Ky.

THE NEWSPAPER!

ABLE, NEWSY, GOOD AND CHEAP.

Weekly Courier-Journal

The Courier-Journal, (HENRY WATTERSON, Editor), is by circulation and reputation the acknowledged *Representative Newspaper* of the South. As a reliable and valuable newspaper, it has no superior in this country or in the world. It makes earnest, vigorous war on Protective Tariff Robbery and Mormon Polygamy, two evils that blight the prosperity and morality of the United States. It is able, bright and newsy, contains the strongest editorials, the most complete summary of the news of the world, the best telegraphic and general correspondence, full turf and stock reports, market reports, fashion reports, Talmage's sermons, splendid original serial stories and novelettes, poetry, department for children; answers to correspondents, etc., etc. In a word, every thing to make it a delight to the family circle, and invaluable to the man of business, the farmer, the mechanic, and the laborer.

Specimen copies and full descriptive premium circulars will be sent free of charge to any one on application. Subscription terms, postage free, are—for Daily, $12; Sunday, $2; Weekly, with premium, $2; without premium, $1 50.

Any one sending four yearly subscribers and six dollars, will be entitled to an extra copy of the Weekly Courier-Journal one year, free to any address. Address,

W. N. HALDEMAN,
President Courier-Journal Co., Louisville, Ky.
n33-tf

New Advertisements

SUITS
MADE TO ORDER!

During the past week a great many ladies have called and examined our samples as well as gentlemen, and all pronounce them the handsomest ever displayed in this city.

The fact is that we are practically placing before the buyers of clothing, and especially those who are in the habit of having their suits made to order, the choicest, newest and most desirable goods of the season, from one of the largest clothing houses in the city of Philadelphia.

If you are in need of a suit for spring and summer wear we invite you to call and look over our samples and prices, and should you find any thing that pleases you we take your measure and forward your order to the house in Philadelphia, where the suit is made according to your order. When finished it is returned to you by express, with the privilege of examining, and if it fits you pay for it, if not, you need not take it.

J. D. BABBAGE,
Agent for
JACOB REED'S SONS,
PHILADELPHIA.

TOBACCO.

We will make fair advances on consignments of Tobacco to Messrs. Sawyer, Wallace & Co., New York. P. V. DUNCAN & SONS.
n33-6m

NO AMETEUR AFFAIR.

TELEPHONES. TELEPHONES.

A Telephone that is guaranteed to work
3 Miles
FOR $5.

A written guarantee sent with each pair of instruments. The only perfect working acoustic Telephone now before the public. Recommended by men of science to be the only Acoustic Telephone that will transmit sound perfectly. The Phones are made of highly polished black walnut and cherry, and if they do not give entire satisfaction, your money will be refunded. Instructions for putting up sent with each pair. Large Inducements to agents both County and State, on commission or salary. Exclusive territory given. Address

UNION TELEPHONE CO.,
WOLCOTT, WAYNE CO., N. Y.
n28-12t

Subscribe-It Will Pay!

Every Farmer, Planter, Merchant and Mechanic in this community should subscribe for his County Paper, and one or two more good Publications. They will find that it is a paying investment. The better the publication the better it will pay. For the purpose of promoting this idea, we have arranged to Club this Paper with the Southern Farmer's Monthly, a handsome Farm and Family Journal, and the Savannah Weekly News, "the biggest and the best" Weekly Newspaper in the South, both of them well known and reliable publications, worth ten times what you pay for them.

CLUB RATES—*Payable in Advance.*—We will send, postage paid, the NEWS and Southern Farmer's Monthly, one year, $3.

The News and Savannah Weekly News, one year, $4.

The News, the Southern Farmer's Monthly, and Savannah Weekly News, one year, $4.50.
n31-tf

WINTERSMITH'S
Tonic Sirup
Or, IMPROVED CHILL CURE.

A Certain Cure for every form of Fever and Ague. The Cure is Permanent. The chill once broken will not return.

This preparation has all the virtues of quinine, without any of its disagreeable effects. All who have had Chills and Fever and have taken quinine, calomel or arsenic, (which are the principal ingredients of most of the medicines now in use) are aware that the medicines often leave the system in an unhealthy condition, making it more difficult to relieve it of their effects than of the original disease. Wintersmith's Improved Chill Cure leaves the system in a perfectly healthy condition, with no bad effects in any way to be worn off. Unlike chill remedies generally, it requires no purgative to be taken with it, the medicine itself acting gently and agreeably upon the liver and bowels, effectually removing the cause of the disease, not merely temporarily checking it.

WINTERSMITH'S
Ext. Buchu
And PAREIRA BRAVA.

The Great Diuretic. Superior to any Preparation of Buchu in the Market.

It is a certain remedy for all disease of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, Dropsical Swelling, &c., &c. It has cured every case of Diabetes in which it has been given. It is a specific remedy for Stone in the Bladder, diseases of the Prostrate Gland, Retention of the Urine, Mucous Discharges, Gleet, Irritation of the Bladder; in short, for all diseases of the Urinary organs, whether existing in male or female. For many diseases peculiar to females it is of great service, and especially so is it at that period termed CHANGE IN LIFE. For Chlorosis or Retention, Irregularity, Painfulness or Suspension of Usual Periods, Ulcerated State of the Uterus, Leucorrhœa or Whites, it is a specific remedy. It is a certain cure for Bed-wetting in children. For weakness arising from early indiscretion, excesses in youth, and dissipation, it will be found a specific.

It is not a secret nostrum, but is recommended and prescribed by our leading physicians.

WINTERSMITH'S
Worm Candy or Santonin Lozenges

The most reliable vermifuge ever offered to the public. Entirely harmless. Safe for children of any age.

Thousands of children die annually for want of a reliable worm destroyer. This can be depended upon as a certain remedy.

WINTERSMITH'S
Iodized Sarsaparilla & Stillingia
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Contains three grains Iodide Potash to the dose. A certain cure for all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, such as Scrofula, or King's Evil, Pimples on the face, Cutaneous Diseases, Boils, Rheumatic Diseases, Erysipelas, Syphilis, Sore Eyes, Mercurial Diseases, Scald Head, Dyspepsia, Tetter Affections, Female Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Costiveness, Low Spirits, Liver Complaint, General Debility.

Bottle Medicines $1 each; six for $5.
Sold by all Druggists.
Manuf'd by C. H. WINTERSMITH.
ARTHUR PETER & CO., Gen'l Agents, Louisville, Ky.
n2-ly

LANDRETHS'
1784 SEEDS are the BEST 1881
If not sold in your town, you can get them by mail. Drop us a Postal Card for Catalogue and Prices. *The Oldest and most extensive Seed Growers in the United States.*
DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADA., PA.
n6 ly17

THE NEW
ELASTIC TRUSS

Has a Pad differing from all others, is cup shape, with Self-Adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the Ball in the cup presses back the Intestines just as a person would with the Finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free.
EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.
18-3m

This Wonderful Improved Saw Machine

is warranted to saw a two-foot log in three minutes, and more cord wood or logs of any size in a day than two men can chop or saw the old way. Every Farmer and Lumberman wants one. AGENTS WANTED. Illustrated circular and terms Free. Address FARMERS' MANUFACTURING CO., 178 Elm Street, Cincinnati, O.
n17-3m

FOR SALE---MULEY SAW-MILL.

This property is located three miles southeast of Stephensport, Ky., all in good repair. It will be disposed of at any time between this and the first day of May, 1881. For any further information address or call on the undersigned at Stephensport, Ky. W. STOUT.
February 26, 1881. n33-tf

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.
Battle Creek, Michigan,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE ONLY GENUINE
VIBRATOR
THRESHERS,
Traction and Plain Engines and Horse-Powers.

Most Complete Thresher Factory in the World. | Established 1848

32 YEARS *of continuous and successful business, without change of name, management, or location, to "back up" the broad warranty given on all our goods.*

STEAM-POWER SEPARATORS and Complete Steam Outfits *of matchless qualities.* Finest Traction Engines and Plain Engines ever seen in the American market.

A multitude of special features and improvements for 1881, together with *superior qualities in construction and materials not dreamed of* by other makers.

Four sizes of Separators, from 6 to 12 horse capacity, *for steam or horse power.*

Two styles of "Mounted" Horse-Powers.

7,500,000 Feet of Selected Lumber (*from three to six years air-dried*) constantly on hand, from which is built the incomparable wood-work of our machinery.

TRACTION ENGINES
Strongest, most durable, and efficient ever made. 8, 10, 12 Horse Power.

Farmers and Threshermen are invited to investigate this matchless Threshing Machinery. Circulars sent free. Address
NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.
Battle Creek, Michigan.
n32

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

The Chambermaid Riddle.

Editor Breckenridge News:

PATESVILLE, KY., March 22.—In a recent issue you gave a riddle to be answered by a Patesvillain. I think I will try to read it for you. When the men were ready to retire, the chambermaid put the 2nd man in room No. 1, the 3rd man in room No. 2, the 4th man in room No. 3, the 5th man in room No. 4, the 6th man in room No. 5, the 7th man in room No. 6, the 8th man in room No. 7, the 9th man in room No. 8, the 10th man in room No. 9, and the 11th man in room No. 10. Then she had room No. 11 and man No. 1, so she put him in room No. 11. Respectfully, W. E. BAKER.

[How did she dispose of the 12th man? ED. NEWS.]

Editor Breckenridge News:

PATESVILLE, KY., March 20.—You offer a chromo to any one in Patesville who will give the correct solution of the chambermaid riddle, and I claim the prize, for I am sure that mine is the correct one. It is this: Having only eleven rooms, and each of the twelve guests demanding a separate room, they required that which it was impossible for her to achieve, and therefore she did not, because she could not, put the twelve guests into the eleven rooms and still give each one a room to himself. I am only a little girl, Mr. Editor, but I know what can and what can't be done as well as some older people, and I know that I am right about this, and want my chromo. "CUTE."

[Not so fast, little one. The chambermaid really did provide each of the twelve guests with a room to himself, and this is the way she accomplished the feat. While studying how she could comply with the demand of the travelers, she chanced to recognize in guest No. 1 a fellow who had stopped at the house some time before and robbed her master of a considerable sum. She quietly sent out for the constable, and guest No. 1 was marched to jail and locked in a cell to himself. She then disposed of the other men as stated by Mr. Baker until she came to room 11, into which she put guest No. 12.—ED. NEWS.]

CONSTANTINE.

Mr. Tom Gregory has recovered from his late illness. Tom, I am glad to have you among us again.

Miss May McGill, of Hardinsburg, is visiting Mrs. W. B. McGill, of this place.

Miss Jennie Kaye's school here is decidedly a success. She has at present about forty pupils, and more anticipate coming.

Mr. C. C. Haskinson sold thirty-five head of cattle a few days ago to the Corbin brothers, of Big Spring. "Tobe" realized a handsome sum for them.

Miss Shellie M. Kaye, of Big Spring, Miss Amanda E. Gregory, of Mt. Gilead, and Gil P. Pemer, of Hudson, are attending school here.

Every Tuesday and Friday two young ladies may be seen walzing near the old church. They do not think I know what it is for, but I can guess.

C. C. Weymuth and Fred. H. Kaye are engaged in the tobacco trade. The boys have bought some hogs, but I guess they have quit, for I have not heard them say any thing about hogs lately.

Mr. Henry Thurman has moved into town, and Mr. J. B. Whitworth has moved to the Mercer farm back of town.

Mr. W. B. Holbrook, of Hudson, is very low with consumption.

We think the Sorghum Flat correspondent had better write one more and quit.

Mr. Ben McGill, of Hardinsburg, was over here last week. Wonder why Ben likes to stay at Constantine so well? Think I know, but I'll not say this time.

Mr. Garfield correspondent, how are Miss J—— Mr. C——, John ——, etc., getting along now? If you want to say any thing say it, and quit your fooling, for we are tired of so many blanks. DIXIE.

PATESVILLE.

Mr. George Gabbert has left this part of the country.

MARRIED.—Thursday evening, the 3rd inst., at the residence of the bride's parents in this place, Mr. Horace Newton, of Cloverport, to Miss Nettie Clark. We heartily congratulate the young couple, and wish them all the happiness, ease and comfort this world affords.

Mr. S. P. Hall has got his new riding-saw and has it on exhibition.

There is a young lady in this place who don't eat more than three or four meals a week. Says she has no appetite.

Miss Belle Baker has returned from visiting relatives at Hardinsburg.

Miss Judith Miller, of your city, has got the school at this place.

Mrs. F. N. D'Huy, of Cloverport, paid Mrs. Jeff Beard a flying visit last week.

Oh, yes; that riddle you gave us. I say the chambermaid's name was Room, and she gave herself to one of the men, and they all had a room to themselves.

BLACK EYES.

HAYSVILLE.

What has become of S. C. H——? We heard from him a week or two ago. We would like to hear more about that fat goose.

Miss M. D. H—— was in town the other day, preparing for quilting. What does that mean?

We saw Mr. John C—— going to see his girl last Sunday. We think he means business.

Miss Mary D——, hurry up that wedding, for they are scarce and we would like to go to yours.

Mr. Charley A——, how are you and Miss R. M—— getting along? You travel that road like it was business.

Miss Georgia and Mary S—— are thinking of visiting Grahamton soon.

Timidity creates cowards and never wins success.

It is a strong and abiding faith in one's own ability to perform that overcomes difficulties that others thought could not be surmounted.

With kindest regards to all, and especially the children, we remain as ever, A. C.

CUSTER.

We have had more rain and mud this winter than ever was known before.

Our streets need repairing. The bricks have sunk under the mud. I wish, sometimes, we had a jail here, so we could have our streets worked, and then we would need a police.

Our Hardinsburg correspondent spoke of having so much music. We admit that Hardinsburg is a larger town than Custer, though we can beat it all to pieces for music, for we have two babies where he has one piano.

Health is tolerably good, with a few exceptions. Miss S. Basham has been very ill, though I am happy to say she is convalescent.

DIED.—Of pneumonia, Mr. Hardin Alexander, one of our old citizens, and a nice old man. He has left a large family and many friends to mourn his loss.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Green W. Beard is a candidate for representative. We like Mr. Beard as a gentleman and a candidate. We hope he will represent us, for I think we have been misrepresented for the last few years.

I think "Black Eyes" is going to get married, or he would have written again.

Mr. Editor, I see you answer questions that are put to you. I would like for you, for my benefit, to work the problem I put before you in a mathematical poem, in your next issue:

I am constrained to plant a grove
To please the lady that I love,
This ample grove is to compose
Nineteen trees in nine straight rows;
Five trees in each row I must place,
Or I shall never see her face.

EVERMORE.

[ANSWER.—You lay off your ground in the shape of two equilateral triangles, crossed, so as to form a star. You then draw a line from each vertex to the other of the triangles, and at each intersection and vertex plant a tree. This will give you nine rows with five trees in each row, and yet but nineteen trees in all.—ED. NEWS.]

BACHELOR'S HALL.

Mr. Editor, we have just received the NEWS, and saw nothing from this corner. Why, the readers will think we are all dead.

The NEWS is growing more interesting every week.

Miss Mary E. Adkisson is staying this week with her grandmother in this neighborhood.

Dr. H——, we want you to stop that being jealous, and getting mad, for Allie has gone to Illinois.

Messrs. Jesse Askins, George Stewart, and Blanton Reese started for Texas last Monday. May luck follow such good boys.

Miss Hattie C——, you ran away and left Jesse, and now Jesse has gone.

Mrs. John Fisher and Mrs. Richard Bundy paid old Grandmother Adkisson a visit last week.

Swap horses again, Mr. Bill S——, Hampton will rue back next time without an order from the 'Squire.

Call at the pleasant hotel at Clifton Mills kept by Clifford Haddock.

Miss Davie H——, was that valentine nice? We heard it was. May be you will get that large ring that old man John wears.

While Oakland boasts of its pretty girls and good singers, allow us to do the same, for we think we have as pretty and as smart little girls as there are in old Kentucky.

Oh, that little girl! How well she performs on the piano—the orguinette also.

Miss Mary E. Hobbins spent Sunday with us. Come again, Miss Mary, and don't make your visit so short next time.

Mr. Clyde E——, when are you going up above Webster? Don't be bashful, Clyde.

That little girl that plays the orguinette and sings after it is pretty.

She is smart,
Grace in every motion,
Music in every tone,
Beauty in form and feature
Thousands might covet to own.
Cheeks that rival spring roses,
Teeth the whitest of pearls.
One of those country maids is worth to me
A score of your city girls.

Mr. Editor, you and your readers may think we are love-sick, but we are not. Before it was too late we obtained the following prescription, and it worked a most permanent cure. "Take a grain of sense, half a grain of patience, a pound of resolution and a handful of dislike, mix and set them on a fire of hatred. Strain the mixture clean from the dregs of melancholy, and stopper it down with a cork of sound judgment, then let it stand nine days in the water of cold affections. This remedy rightly made and fully applied, will work a most effectual cure. It is for sale at the house of knowledge, on Content street, going up the Hill of Self-Denial."

An Alabama paper published the following notice: "MARRIED.—At Flint Stone, by Rev. Mr. Winstone, Ephraim Grindstone to Emiline Sandstone, both of Limestone." Look out for a lot of small Grindstones—we trust not to be followed by brimstone.

We find the NEWS a welcome visitor to the whole family. WHIPPOWIL.

WHITE-BURLEY TOBACCO SEED FOR SALE!

Where to get the BEST TOBACCO SEED, that the best crop may be produced, is a question now being agitated throughout the land. The only place where the WHITE BURLEY SEED can be had in its purity is direct from that part of the Ohio Valley known as the Brown County District, where it originated in the year 1861. This Tobacco has in many instances sold for $50 per 100 pounds, several times as high as $58.

As we couldn't get "a change" last fall, let us have it now by throwing all other types aside and growing the kind that is in demand and meets with ready sale the year round, at PRICES MORE THAN DOUBLE those of other varieties. Grow the White Burley Tobacco and you will soon be numbered with the Bondholders of the Nation.

You can procure this Seed direct of me, all grown the past season and Guaranteed Pure, as it was all raised by me and selected with the greatest care expressly for my trade. I make the Seed Business a specialty, and have done so for over ten years. I grow no other Tobacco, hence you will not get mixed seed as is often the case.

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